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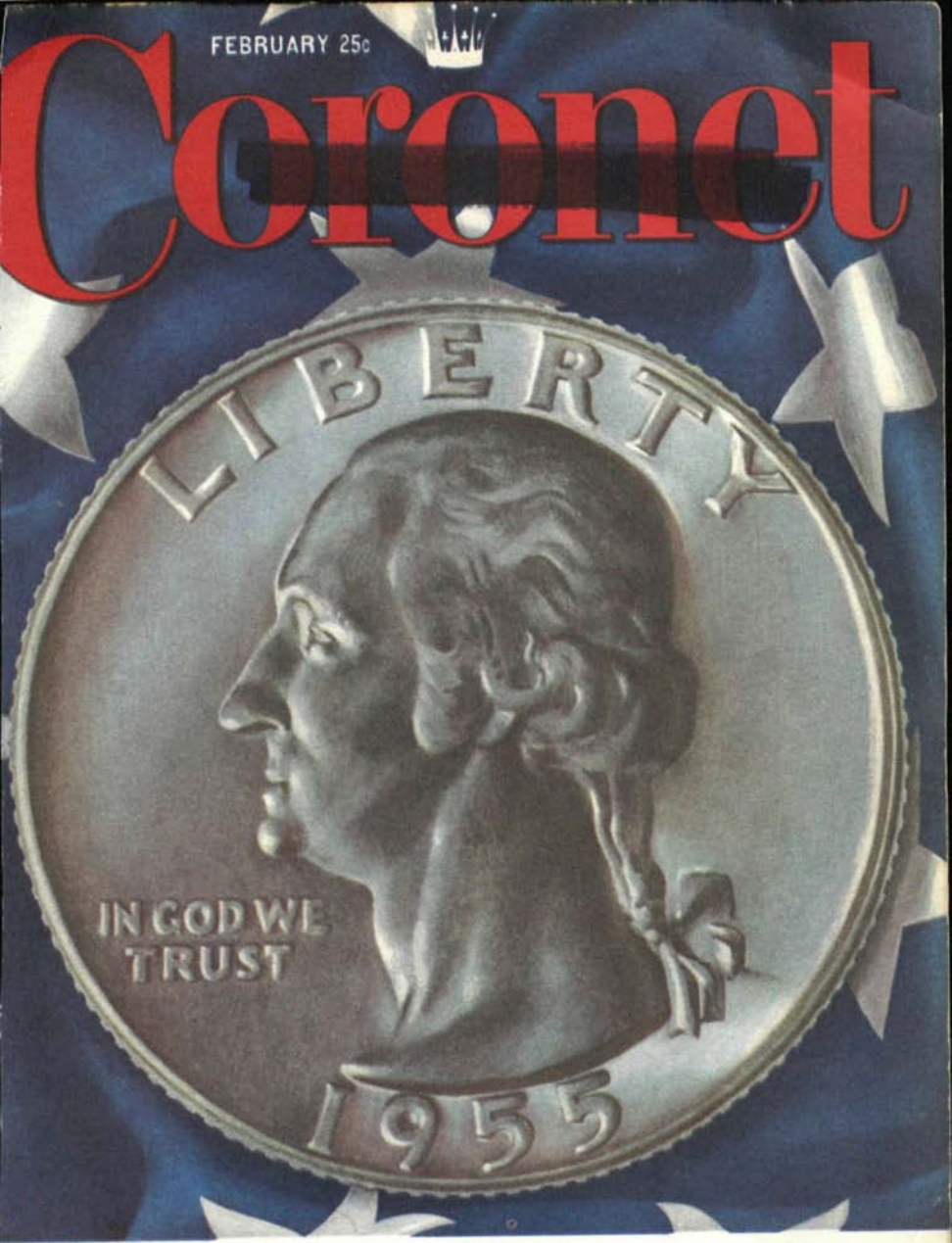

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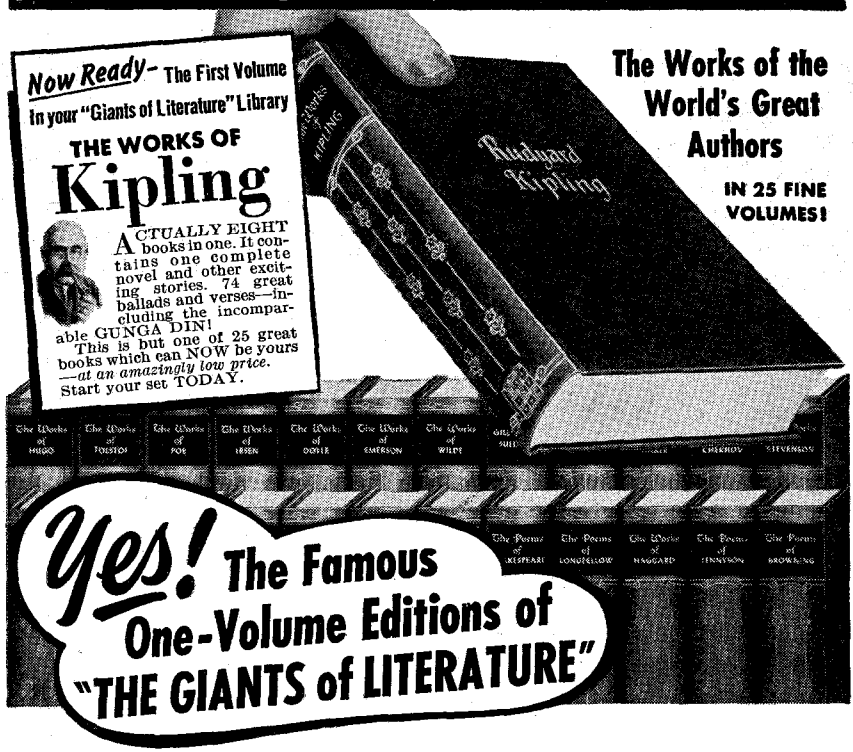
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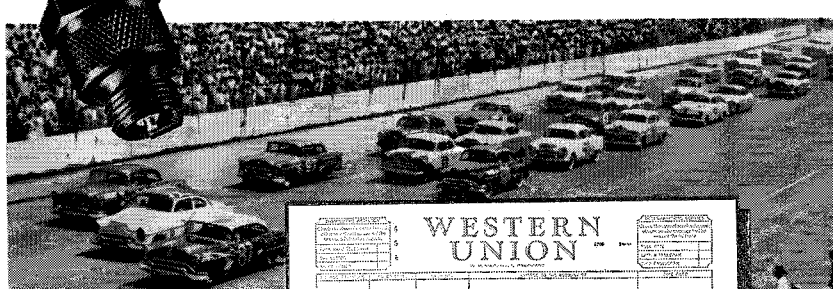

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MOVIES

THE MONTH'S BEST...

SIGN OF THE PAGAN

JACK PALANCE, the super-villain with the soft voice who scored so strongly in "Sudden Fear" and "Shane," turns his bloodcurdling talents to Attila the Hun. He dominates the screen with his fierce portrait of the ruthless barbarian who thundered across Europe to the gates of Rome, pillaging and burning villages and towns in his path, in a wild dream of conquest.

His hordes of Mongol horsemen, riding with flame and sword, bring vivid excitement to Universal-International's action spectacle, filmed in CinemaScope and Technicolor. This handsome production captures all the grandeur of the turbulent fifth century, particularly in the magnificent sets of Constantinople and Rome.

Jeff Chandler opposes the Hun's conquests as Marcian, a Roman centurion who commandeers the armies to resist Attila. Ludmilla Tcherina, famed European ballerina, has a non-dancing part as the princess who loves Chandler. Rita Gam fares better in the role of Attila's tomboy daughter, who succumbs to Christian influences.

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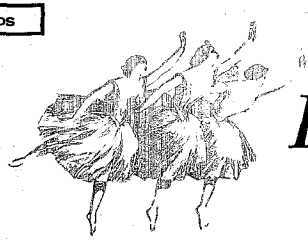

Ballet Music

THE CURRENT POPULARITY of the ballet as a style of dance, classic and modern, has brought about a correspondingly strong interest in its music. Two new albums will be the delight of every lover of ballet.

Angel Records has issued *Homage to Diaghilev*, the Russian impresario who inspired the great dancers, choreographers, painters and composers of his day to dedicate their art to ballet and thus created a true renaissance of a decadent art. The three records of this album contain the music of his famous ballets, Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe*, Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* and others. A richly illustrated portfolio on this great period of ballet comes with the album (Angel 3518C).

RCA Victor presents *The Ballet*, a three-disk album which contains renditions by such conductors as Toscanini, Munch, Stokowski, Monteux and Fiedler of ballet music from Carl Maria von Weber's *Invitation to the Dance* and Meyerbeer's *Les Patineurs* to Albert Roussel's *Bacchus et Ariane* and Walter Piston's *The Incredible Flutist* (LM 6113).

Ballet Music from France is offered by Epic (LC 3030). Offenbach's *Gaîté Parisienne*, the story of an enchanted night in Paris, is available in two new releases. Columbia offers it in an animated rendition by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, together with Chopin's romantic ballet *Les Sylphides* (ML 4895). RCA Victor couples it with Giacomo Meyerbeer's *Les Patineurs* (Boston Pops conducted by Arthur Fiedler, LM 1817). Suites from two of Offenbach's comic ballets, *Bluebeard* and *Helen of Troy*, are presented by the Ballet Theater Orchestra under Joseph Levine (Capitol P 8277).

Few modern composers have done more for the ballet than Stravinsky. His *Pulcinella* (Picasso designed the sets and costumes for its première), is available on Columbia ML 4830, and *Le Sacre du Printemps* (The Rite of Spring) on Capitol P 8254. *The Firebird Suite*, a ballet score composed for the Ballet Russe, is presented in a brilliant performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Columbia ML 4700).

The American scene has also served as inspiration for the modern ballet. Aaron Copland's *Billy the Kid* (Capitol P 8238, with William Schuman's *Undertow*) and his *Appalachian Spring* (Vanguard VRS-439), draw on the life of the American pioneers.

Antheil's *Capital of the World*, suggested by a Hemingway short story, recreates the sensations of a bullfight (Capitol P 8278, with Banfield's *The Combat*). William Turner Walton based his ballet suite *The Wise Virgins* on the New Testament parable and J. S. Bach's Cantata melodies, while the Italian composer, Vincenzo Tommasini, fashioned *The Good-Humored Ladies*, a ballet suite, from sonatas of the old master Scarlatti (Vanguard VRS 440).

Modern Russian composers continue to contribute richly to ballet music. Reinhold Glière's *The Red Poppy* is offered by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Scherchen (Westminster WLA 7001). Shostakovitch's rollicking *Ballet Russe* is presented by Columbia (ML 4671), and his *Golden Age* by Westminster (WL 5319, with his *Symphony No. 1*).

—FRED BERGER

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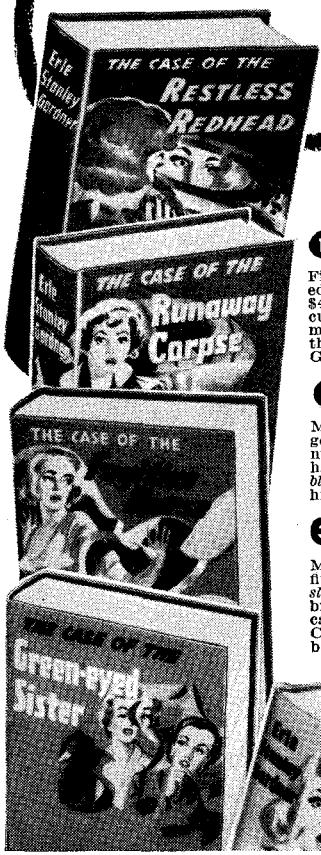
OF THE LATEST *PERRY MASON* HITS BY

ERLE STANLEY **GARDNER**

THE NO. 1 MYSTERY WRITER


Erle Stanley Gardner
THE CASE OF THE RESTLESS REDHEAD
THE CASE OF THE Runaway Corpse
THE CASE OF THE
THE CASE OF THE Green-eyed Sister
The case of the Hesitant Hostess
THE CASE OF THE Grinning Gorilla

All Six PERRY MASON Hits FREE
—Including the Very Latest!

1 THE CASE OF THE RESTLESS REDHEAD

First, Mason's gorgeous red-headed client is accused of having stolen $40,000 in jewels. Then they accuse her of *MURDER!* Now Perry must save her from the chair—though he suspects she may be GUILTY!

2 THE CASE OF THE RUNAWAY CORPSE

Myrna Davenport hires Mason to get a letter accusing her of planning to poison her husband, who has just died. All Perry finds is—*blank* paper! The police say Perry hid the REAL letter!

3 THE CASE OF THE FUGITIVE NURSE

Mason sneaks into an apartment; finds an *empty* safe. Then a blonde *slams the safe shut.* That night a brunette rushes out with two suitcases. Not sinister . . . EXCEPT that the TENANT had been MURDERED!

4 THE CASE OF THE GREEN-EYED SISTER

Mason's client wants to get back damaging evidence against a man named Fritch. But Grogan, a blackmailer, wants $20,000! Then Fritch is found DEAD! Grogan has an alibi—but Mason and his client do *not!*

5 THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HOSTESS

The *first* woman says she saw Perry's client at *the scene of the crime.* The *second* shouldn't have appeared at all—but did. The *third* was slated to be Perry's star witness—*but she disappeared completely!*

6 THE CASE OF THE GRINNING GORILLA

Mason may never LIVE to solve *this* case. For he suddenly finds himself face to face with a monstrous gorilla—*with a long carving knife in its hairy hand!*

Continued on next page—

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Yes! You Get $15 Worth of New Mysteries At Once—FREE!

—*Continued from opposite page*

WHAT a magnificent FEAST of reading for dyed-in-the-wool mystery fans! Just ONE trigger-quick Perry Mason mystery novel would be a gift worth getting excited about! But YOU get, not just one, but SIX—and what's more, the VERY LATEST six—mystery triumphs of Erle Stanley Gardner, the "Undisputed King of Mystery Writers"! Each is a *full size, full length* book, absolutely complete. A $15.00 value—but yours FREE on this sensational offer!

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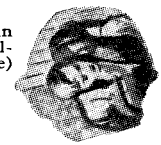

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44

Walter J. Black, President **QN**
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
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Mexico Here

BLESSED WITH WONDERFUL CLIMATE all year-round, Mexico is as delightful in February as in September. Here weather and terrain match every mood; a few hours' travel will place you in an entirely different locale. There is always a *fiesta* to enjoy somewhere, as you sightsee in cosmopolitan Mexico City . . . play on Acapulco's exotic beach . . . visit the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, a Venice of flowers . . . and admire the fascinating relics of ancient Aztec civilizations, found everywhere. Mexico's recent devaluation of its *peso* gives travelers a very favorable monetary exchange.

Mexico's churches and cathedrals (like the one at Taxco, *left*) are among the most beautiful in the world. Fiestas —the one above is at Tehuantepec—provide pageantry.

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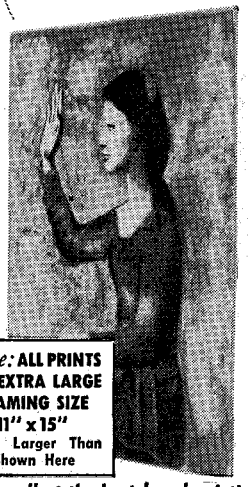

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Smiling Doris Day demonstrates the game for the benefit of her guests.

LOW BRIDGE!

A GROWN-UP VERSION of the old children's party game, "London Bridge," has become a new favorite with adults. To prove its success, movie star Doris Day (currently playing in Warner Bros'. "Young at Heart") and her husband, Marty Melcher, tried it out at one of their recent Hollywood parties.

The only requirements for the game are a tape or string, and two chairs or stands. The tape is attached to the stands and is gradually lowered while guests carefully toddle underneath, trying not to touch it.

One man assumes the winning stance.

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Fill out and mail coupon below. We'll send you the beautiful new box of All-Occasion Greeting Cards. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at $2 to $3 if bought separately.

The reason we're making this unheard-of 1c Offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards and behold their true beauty, we're sure you'll say to yourself, "Those cards will sell like wildfire. Every family I know will want to buy cards from me. I'm going to use my spare time to make lots of extra spending money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to give you one box for 1c.

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Only 1 to a Family! Limited Offer!

Naturally, offer is strictly limited to one to a family. Also includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, plus complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But Hurry! Offer may not be repeated!

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887 Way Street, Elmira, New York
In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

Paste Coupon on Postcard—*Mail Today!*

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I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX of ALL-OCCASION Cards for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1c. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

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HOMEMAKING

THE PROPER STANCE

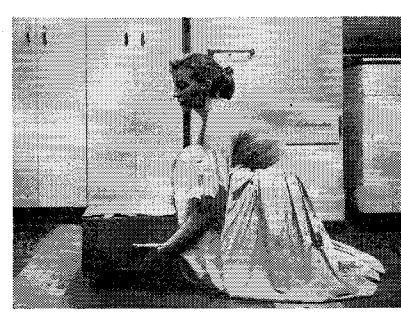
THE BRIGHT NEW world of gadgets has revolutionized the plight of the housewife. Yet, no matter how modern her kitchen or how sleek her laundry, the lady who tends her home is beset with still another problem. If she bends, pushes or stoops in the wrong fashion, all her modern conveniences will be for naught.

CORONET has asked television actress Pat Parker to demonstrate ways for conserving energy. If m'lady follows them she will be smiling instead of sighing when day is done.

Although sitting at a table will make cooking and other household tasks easier, it will be to no avail if elbows are raised too high or table is too low.

With elbows at waist level and table at the proper height, work will be less tiring. Keeping all needed materials at hand will eliminate jumping up.

Leaning over to lift a heavy package puts an unnecessary strain on back muscles, particularly if legs and knees remain straight and arms are extended.



Bending at hips, knees and ankles and stooping close to object means correctly using leg muscles instead of back muscles, and reduces effect of lifting.

(Continued on page 20)

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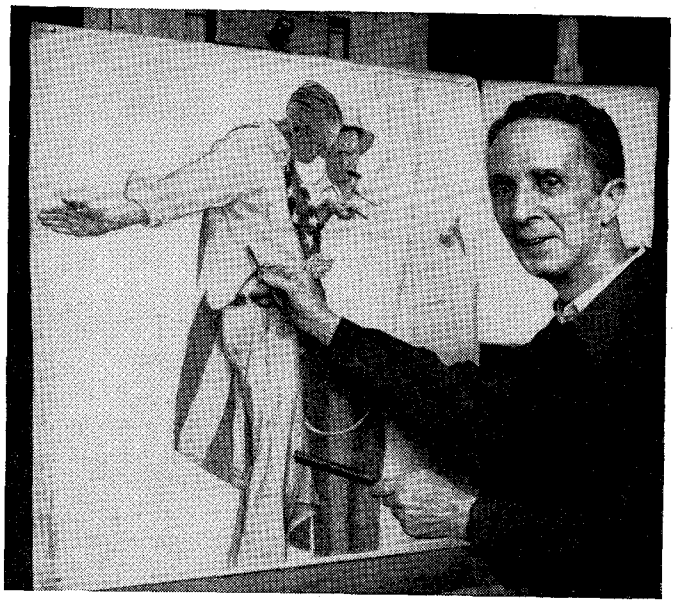

Speaking for America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Jon Whitcomb
Stevan Dohanos
Harold Von Schmidt
Peter Helck
Fred Ludekens
Al Parker
Ben Stahl
Robert Fawcett
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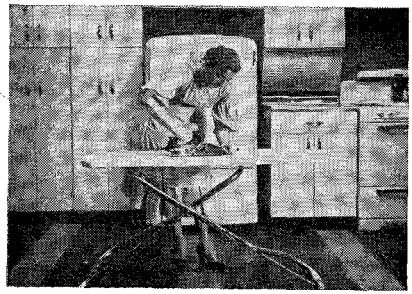
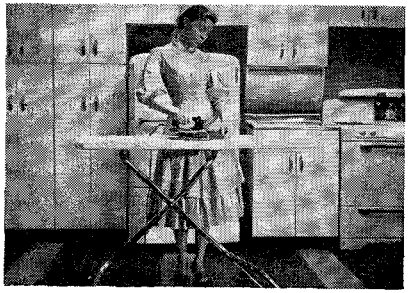
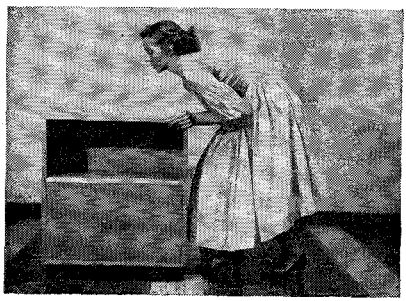


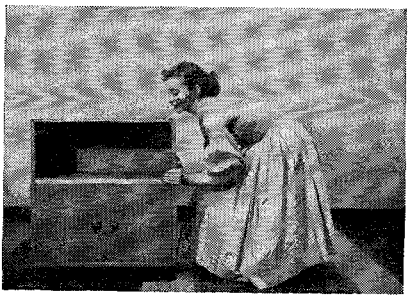
If ironing board is low, the task will require too much bending and will cause shoulders to stoop. It will also put an added strain on back muscles.



With ironing board at the proper height, shoulders are raised and back is straight. This means a minimum of bending, and makes work easier and quicker.



Pushing a heavy object such as furniture with hands too high and back bent means unnecessary work and strain, makes object seem heavier and more cumbersome.



With hands at center of object and weight forward, furniture is easier and safer to move. Here the mover should stoop instead of bend to conserve energy.

Stooping to reach clothesbasket on ground means more work. Also, clothesline at improper height requires more reaching effort than should be needed.

With clothesbasket set on an object high enough to reach without stooping and with clothesline at a comfortable height, work will be much less tiring.

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Can your hair live up to the flattery of a giddy little hat?

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Why be heartsick about dull, dry hair? It can glow with youth because Helene Curtis brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

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But Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY* makes it almost that simple. It brings you 100% absorbable lanolin which returns to your hair the *same kind of natural oil* that was lost by heat, wind or water.

Actually, it's up to 10 times more effective than any hair and scalp conditioner you've ever used before because it contains up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin.

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Isn't it about time you let a little flattery go to your head?

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the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!

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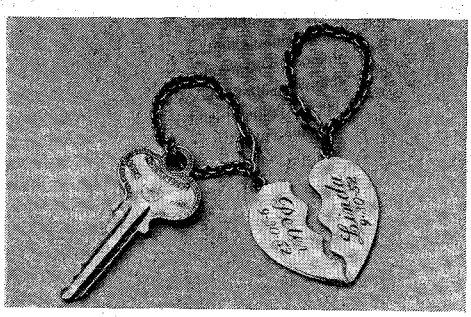
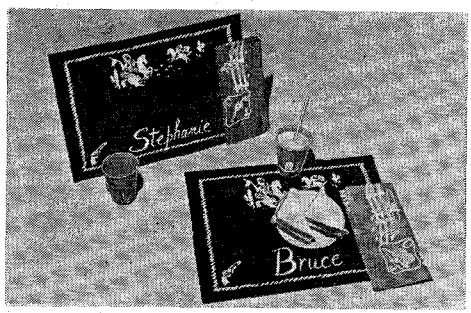
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper



A SENTIMENTAL PAIR can share one heart on this and every Valentine's Day. First names and "special" date are engraved on these sterling-silver key chains. He takes hers, she takes his. $7 for both (tax incl.) Wayne Silversmiths, 546-C, S. B'way, Yonkers, N.Y.



WESTERN CHOW SETS will bring playful cowhands home from the range at a gallop. Each setting has personalized blue vinyl place mat, red cotton napkin, and unbreakable, red tumbler. $1.50 ea., 3 for $4.25. A.B.W. Anderson, Dept. C, 60 Iselin St., Larchmont, N.Y.

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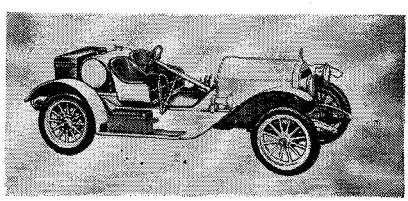

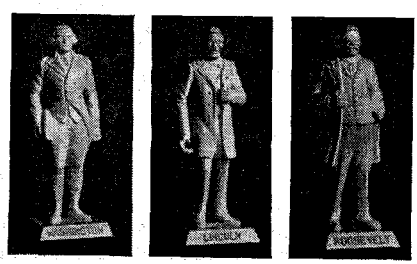

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(Continued on page 24)

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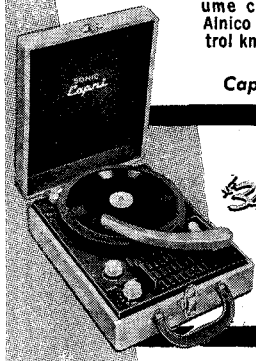

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Capri 200R—Handsome two-tone red-and-gold or green-and-gold leatherette cabinet. An engineering masterpiece. Plays all 3 speeds, all 3 sizes of records. Hideaway cord receptacle. Amazing power, truest sound quality. Five-tube superheterodyne radio, mightiest small radio of all. Fingertip control knobs.

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Capri 300—Magnificent performer at home or "on-the-go". "Slim•Jim" cabinet, handsomely styled in two-tone combination of green-and-gold; solid British Tan "diplomat" type case. Plays all 3 speeds, all 3 sizes of records. High-fidelity crystal pick-up with dual needles in featherweight, shockproof floating tone arm. Specially designed inclined speaker baffle.

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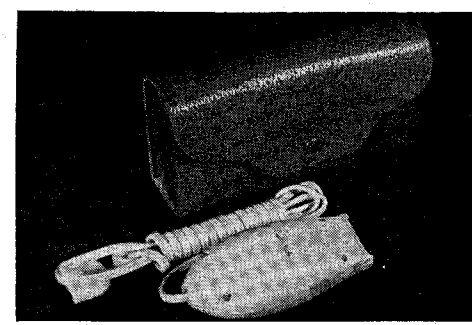
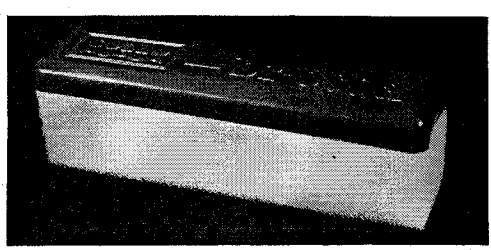
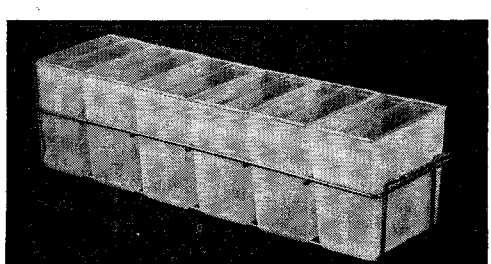


EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE electric razor dry-shaves dainty skin gently, efficiently, with self-sharpening steel blades. AC only. $2.95; Breck's, 391 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

PASS THE HAT! Derby for pepper, straw for salt, on 6½" tree. $1.25; Lowy's, 260-C 116 St., Rockaway Park, N. Y.



COLLO BROSSA, the portable "vacuum cleaner," *sucks* clinging dirt, lint, dust from any fabric. Soft foam-plastic brush has no bristles, is safe for finest materials. Sturdy and washable. $1 from Loro, 110-12 64th Ave., Dept. 6B, Forest Hills 75, N.Y.



SAVE SPACE in your refrigerator with Refrigarranger. Unbreakable containers with snap-fitting lids hold 1½ cups each, save 1 cubic foot shelf space. $2.98 with strong metal rack. Valley Forge Creations, Dept. C, 214 W. Front St., Media, Pa.

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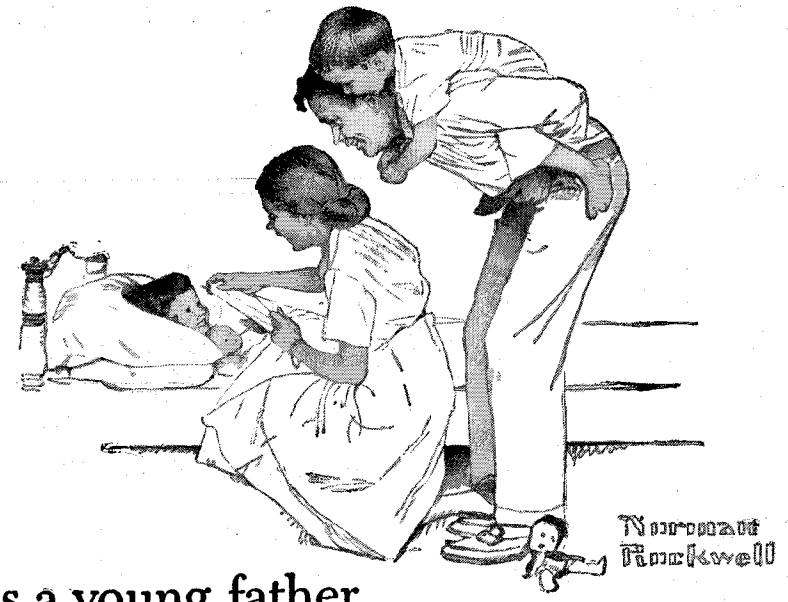

As a young father...

when your responsibilities are greatest and your income still moderate, this low-cost policy gives you the *Extra Protection* you need.

The Massachusetts Mutual *Extra Protection* plan actually gives you insurance equal to 2½ times the face amount of your policy for 20 years.

For example, you buy a

$2,000 policy and get $5,000 protection, or
$3,000 policy and get $7,500 protection, or
$4,000 policy and get $10,000 protection

Cash and loan values, money for retirement, annual dividends—all the usual benefits—are included in this *Extra Protection* policy.

And you pay only slightly more than you would for ordinary life insurance.

That's something to think about as you tuck the children in bed with one last hug. Your family gets 150% *more* protection during the early years when they need it most. And the cost fits right in with your salary.

In addition to the life insurance, provision can be made for a monthly disability income.

Find out now, without obligation, how easily you can have this *Extra Protection* for your family. Just fill out and mail the coupon today.

Massachusetts Mutual
Life Insurance Company
ORGANIZED 1851
Springfield, Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Dept. C
Springfield, Massachusetts

Please tell me, without obligation, how I can get the low-cost *Extra Protection* my family needs.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

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State_____

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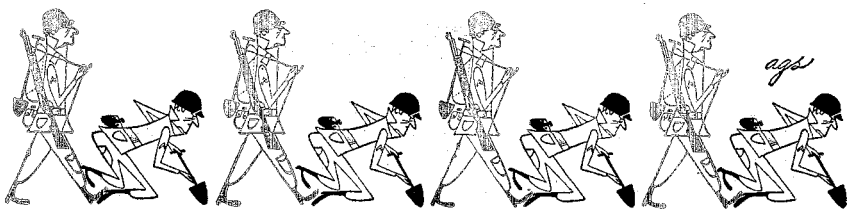

GRIN AND SHARE IT

A PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYEE at the Dallas plant of Chance Vought Aircraft answered the questions on a job questionnaire as to past experience as follows—Name of company: United States Army. Date started: May, 1942. Date left: December, 1945. Type of business: Winning a war. Salary: Small. Job title: Dogface. Description of duties: Walked; dug holes; loaded boats; unloaded boats; dug holes; drove truck; constructed roads; dug holes; walked; filled sandbags; built piers; dug holes; walked. —*New York Times*

THE SOLAR SYSTEM was the subject and the teacher had permitted each pupil in her fourth grade to select his own topic about which to study and report to the rest of the class. Jim took "Pluto," Henry, "Mars," but Walter selected "Earth," and his reason seemed most logical. Explained Walter, "It's the only planet I have visited."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

BEFORE THEIR MARRIAGE, while both were visiting in Palm Beach, Ethel Merman and Robert F. Six, the Continental Airlines executive, were entertained at the home of a friend. During the evening, they found themselves alone in the garden. A big Florida moon flooded the scene with light, the scent of flowers was heavy on the air. In the romantic setting, Six was silent and contemplative.

"What are you thinking about?" Miss Merman asked softly.

"I was thinking," he replied, "about how to get more seats in a DC-3." —PAUL CRUME, *Dallas Morning News*

A SCRUBWOMAN WORKING for a big London office fell heir to considerable property. "No, of course I'm not going to give up my job," she told her employers. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself without it. But I'm warning you all now—heaven help them as gets in the way of me mop!" —*Nuggets*

A TEXAN, hearing that a factory in Ohio was interested in buying bull-frog skins, wrote that he could supply any quantity up to 100,000. Needing the skins badly, the factory wired him to send the entire 100,000.

About ten days later a single dried frog skin arrived with this note: "Gents: I'm sorry, but here's all the frog skins there were. The noise sure fooled me." —*Rotarian*

(Continued on page 28)

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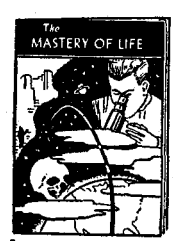
WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

Know the mysterious world within you! Attune yourself to the wisdom of the ages! Grasp the inner power of your mind! Learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life! Benjamin Franklin—like many other learned and great men and women—was a Rosicrucian. The Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization) first came to America in 1694. Today, headquarters of the Rosicrucians send over seven million pieces of mail annually to all parts of the world.

The Rosicrucians
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIFORNIA



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Write for YOUR FREE COPY of "The Mastery of Life"—TODAY. No obligation. No salesmen. A nonprofit organization. Address: Scribe L.A.M.

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San Jose, California

Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

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A HUNGARIAN FACTORY WORKER went to the lady foreman of his department and said: "Madam director, may I please leave a few minutes early tonight because I want to go to the opera?"

The director shouted: "Don't you know, comrade, that we have been liberated and there are no more madams? Repeat your request in the democratic manner."

"Comrade director," the worker replied, "may I please leave a little earlier tonight because I have opera tickets?"

"Good," said the director. "I am pleased to see that you workers appreciate culture. What opera are you going to see?"

"Well, comrade director, I am going to see *Comrade Butterfly*."

—*News From Behind the Iron Curtain*, National Committee For a Free Europe

A YOUNG SPECIALIST listened to a woman patient bemoaning the disappearance of the family physician, "the good old-fashioned doctor." Finally losing patience, he said rather sharply, "Madam, if you will show me an old-fashioned family, I will produce a doctor for it."

—W. W. BAUER, M.D. in *Today's Health*

IN THE WHITE HOUSE, President Coolidge sat quietly listening while some of his cronies discussed the heated campaign for reelection being waged by one of the nation's most bellicose senators.

"I heard him make a speech the other night," one of the guests remarked; "and when he came to his conclusion, he shouted, 'Fellow citizens, now I have presented you with the facts and you can vote for me or go to perdition!' "

"Difficult choice, wasn't it?" Mr. Coolidge observed dryly.

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A CUSTOMER, looking over some baby things in a store, was approached by a clerk.

"Are you expecting?" the clerk asked hopefully.

"No, I'm not expecting," she snapped. "I'm sure." —*The Franklin Dealer*

DEXTER FELLOWS, head publicity man for the Ringling Brothers circus, could toss off some pretty flowery phrases. One morning he breezed up to the city desk of a St. Louis newspaper with a cheery, "Hulloo and happy tidings! The circus is in town!"

The editor scowled and said, "What circus?"

Fellows threw his hands in the air and demanded, "When they say the band is playing *God Save the King*, do you ask *what king?*"

—BENNETT CERF, *Shake Well Before Using* (Simon & Schuster, Inc.)

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the famous French composer, had discharged his faithful valet, and sadly missed his services as cook, tailor, barber and man-of-all-work.

"I did not want to discharge him," Offenbach explained to a friend, "but when he beat a rug, I had to let him go."

"Didn't he do it properly?" the other inquired.

"Well, he beat it hard enough," Offenbach admitted, "but I had to discharge him—he couldn't keep time!"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

(Continued on page 30)

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Puts Dancing Highlights in Your Hair!

NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS, OUT-SHINES OTHER* SHAMPOOS

MAKES HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!

Hair is so satiny after this shampoo! Calls irresistibly for a love-pat! And the man in your life can see the shimmering beauty of your hair every single day.

Helene Curtis

lanolin lotion shampoo

29¢, 59¢ or $1

Leaves Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

Never before such mountains of *lanolin* lather—lather that actually *polishes* hair clean! Only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you such foaming magic!

Made with *twice* the lanolin! *Can't* make hair harsh, brittle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, soft, shining . . . far easier to manage! Tangles slip away. Waves ripple in deeper.

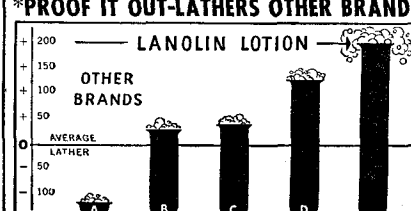
So treat your hair to this new, sensational lanolin formula—find the thrilling beauty hidden in *your* hair! Natural softness. Vibrant, glowing tone. More manageability. Get Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or $1.

"HAIR'S SO EASY TO MANAGE"

"Every other shampoo seemed to leave my hair harsh, and hard to manage. But with new Lanolin Lotion Shampoo, my hair combs just the way I want it! No more wisps or snarls . . . or stiff ends."

Veronica Urban Oostburg, Wis.

***PROOF IT OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS**



Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-Foam test.

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ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE recently went abroad for the Duke Family Foundation to inspect institutions for the young. In Tokyo he was invited to visit a boys' reform school, and a car was sent to bring him there. After driving for two hours it seemed obvious that the Japanese driver just couldn't find the school.

The driver had to save face. "Mr. Duke," he said, "in America do the boys often burn down the school, like they do here in Japan?"

—LEONARD LYONS

AN INDIAN petitioned the judge of an Arizona court to give him a shorter name.

"What is your name now?" asked the judge.

"Chief Screeching Train Whistle," said the Indian.

"And what do you want to shorten it to?" pursued the judge.

The Indian folded his arms majestically and grunted, "Toots."

—BENNETT CERF

JAKE WEBER, who trained so many fine Fordham University teams, was only interested in sports. It bored him to discuss anyone who was not an athlete. He measured all men by the standards of sports.

Going to a big game, Weber was trapped by the leader of the University's band. The student insisted on discussing music and the trainer listened with surly disinterest.

"I once met John Philip Sousa," the student said. "He was a great man."

"You did?" asked trainer Weber, eyeing the student suspiciously.

"Yes, sir," the kid said. "He was a great man."

"A great man, eh?" asked Weber. "How much did he weigh?"

—JIMMY CANNON

ONCE PIERRE MONTEUX, the famous American conductor, was visiting the musical director at the Hollywood studio where Douglas Fairbanks Sr. was busy making a motion picture. The director thought it would be nice if Fairbanks could arrange to meet his guest.

When the request was passed on to Fairbanks he replied, "I'd be glad to, but who is Pierre Monteux? What does he do?"

Monteux's identity was patiently explained, and by the time the meeting took place Douglas had hurriedly boned up on music appreciation.

Meanwhile, when the musical director asked Monteux if he wouldn't like to meet Douglas Fairbanks, the great conductor promptly replied, "I'd be delighted, but who is this Douglas Fairbanks?"

—RALPH HANCOCK & LETITIA FAIRBANKS
Douglas Fairbanks: The Fourth Musketeer
(Henry Holt & Co.)

MANY YEARS AGO, the four Marx Brothers thought they would try to crash the business world. They rented an office and put in a telephone. During the first four weeks of their commercial operation the phone rang only four times.

"I guess," Groucho told his brothers, "if we want to keep real busy there's only one thing to do—from now on let's begin accepting wrong numbers!"

—HY GARDNER

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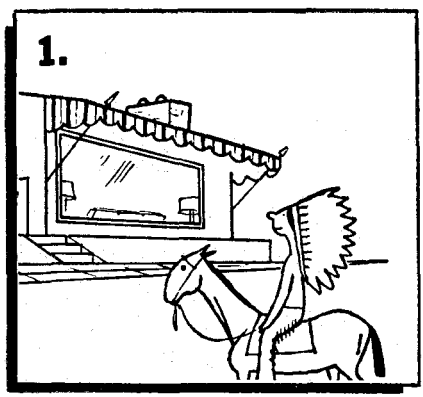
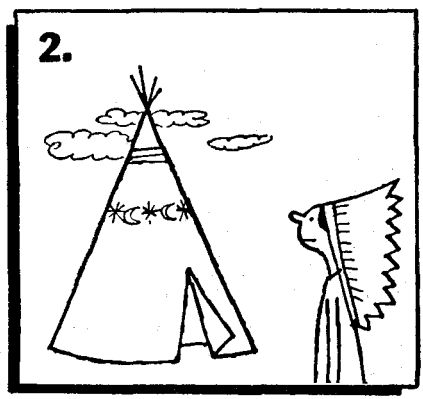
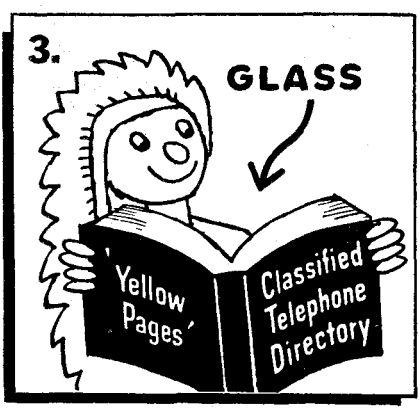
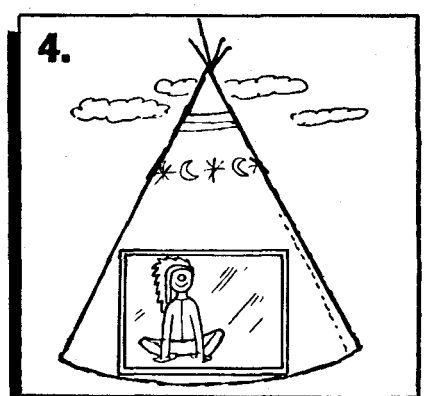
Looking for Something?









FROM AWNINGS TO GLASS

WHATEVER YOU NEED – LOOK IN THE

'YELLOW PAGES'

OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

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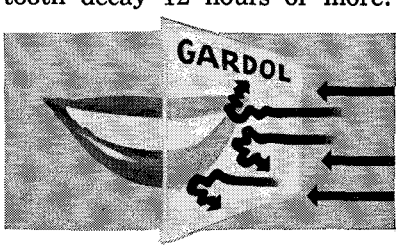
Whether You Brush Your Teeth Just Once, Twice, or 3 Times A Day...

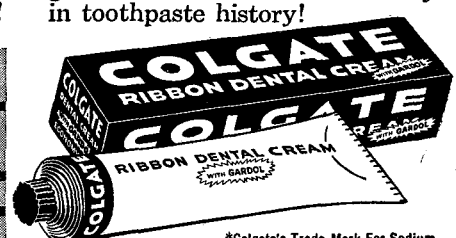
Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection ALL DAY LONG!

Because Only New Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly . . . Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!

Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or 3 times a day, remember! Brushing for brushing, New Colgate's with Gardol gives the *surest* protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Gardol, Colgate's patented decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!





*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate. Patent No. 2,689,170

Every Time You Use It . . . New Colgate Dental Cream

CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

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Coronet

NINETEENTH YEAR

FEBRUARY 1955

Can NEW DRUGS Keep You Young?

by ANNE FROMER

WHEN MRS. Madeline Blaine's husband died, the 78-year-old woman was admitted to The St. Louis City Infirmary, a civic institution for the aged in St. Louis, Missouri, where she could spend what obviously would be the few remaining months of her life.

Mrs. Blaine, her last interest in life gone, went into a sharp decline, mental as well as physical. When her daughters came for their monthly visits, the old woman often could not remember who they were. She lost weight until she was a frail 98 pounds, and most days was unwilling to get out of bed.

She did not care if her hair was combed, and seldom looked at herself in the mirror. She could not concentrate on any reading matter, nor get interested in radio or television. Her conversation was peevish and repetitive.

When one day she was informed that she was to receive injections, she accepted the fact querulously but without interest. After the injections started, it was three months before there was anything unusual to be noted in the records carefully kept on her. Then the entry was scarcely spectacular: "The patient has gained four pounds."

But by the fifth month, dramatic changes were evident in Mrs. Blaine. Her daughters were amazed to discover that their mother had suddenly become, in appearance and manner, as they remembered her years before. She talked animatedly, commenting shrewdly on events in the news and doings in the wards. The daughters noticed, too, that her hair was neatly shampooed and waved.

"I gave myself a home permanent," Mrs. Blaine explained matter-of-factly.

The old woman who not long

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before had to be practically lifted from bed was now up and dressed long before breakfast. She not only looked after herself, but brought food trays for bedridden patients and assisted in the kitchen. From a morose, withdrawn individual, she turned into a cheerful person, eager to help others.

What had happened to Mrs. Blaine—indeed, what has happened to scores of her fellow patients in a relatively short time recently—is a dramatic milestone in medicine. It concerns nothing less than one of man's oldest dreams: the discovery of a potion that would stop, and perhaps even reverse, the inevitable process of aging.

Every culture since the world began has had legends about a magical means of rejuvenation. But today, accompanied by no fanfare and surrounded by cautious medical reservations, it appears certain, from the results of the dramatic experiments conducted in St. Louis, that such a discovery may be within reach.

The man who offers new hope of rejuvenation for aging bodies is Dr. William H. Masters, 39-year-old graduate of the University of Rochester School of Medicine, now an Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis. With him are associated Dr. Marvin H. Grody and other members of the University staff.

The Masters technique sounds simple: the injection twice weekly of about half a teaspoon of mixed hormones in the proportion of one part of estrogen (female sex hormone) to 20 parts of androgen (male sex hormone). But behind it lie nine years of research and experimentation, of trial and error, of refusal to accept failure.

The average American born today lives nearly twice as long as one born a century ago. But until now, little had been achieved toward making his later years a healthy, rewarding, productive period—toward fulfilling the objective of gerontology, a brand of medicine specializing in old age: "Add life to years, as well as years to life."

It was this problem that Dr. Masters and his associates recognized and attacked when they began their research program. They accepted the theory generally held by gerontologists that the physical and mental decline associated with aging was due in large part to the slowing down of the glandular processes. But in accepting this theory, they also had to accept the fact that numerous experiments by other researchers in gland therapy had ended in failure.

For example, the injection of female sex hormones into a woman sometimes resulted in unpleasant functional disturbances. Male sex hormones might bring about the growth of hair and the development of other male characteristics. The doctors decided that the answer might lie in the injection of a combination of hormones.

It has long been medically recognized that human bodies produce and use both male and female sex hormones, with androgens dominating in males and estrogens in females. But the actual ratio of sex hormones in individuals and the full extent of the chain reaction which might result from artificial replacement were still unknown factors

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which had to be taken into account.

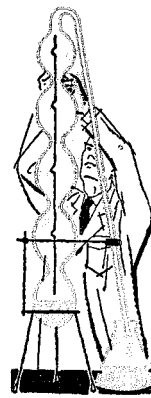
After numerous laboratory tests and exhaustive studies of the findings of earlier researchers in hormone replacement, Dr. Masters and his associates were ready for clinical experimentation. The St. Louis City Infirmary agreed to cooperate.

The first group to receive the rejuvenation treatment were 11 women of an average age of 76. Dr. Masters chose to work with women because they show more obvious and easily measured clinical signs of the aging process; and, since women as a whole live longer than men, they contribute the greater part of the problem of old age. A second group of 13 women, also averaging 76 years of age, served as a control group for purposes of comparison with those under treatment.

The two groups intermingled on two floors of the Infirmary. The nurses were not informed of the nature of the experiment, or which patients were under treatment. The only difference between the two groups was that while those under treatment were given injections of the research group's experimental combination of hormones dissolved in a harmless, ineffectual oil, the control group received only the oil.

The first objective of the doctors was to arrive at a combination of estrogens and androgens which would, in effect, replace glandular secretions no longer being normally produced by the body in sufficient quantities to maintain well-being. The second was to observe the effect of the injections specifically on the pelvic organs of the women.

The treatment group was started on twice-weekly intra-muscular injections of hormones in the ratio of one milligram of estrogen to ten milligrams of androgen. This proportion was decided upon as a result of laboratory tests and theoretical calculation, but the researchers had no way of determining the combination of the hormones which, in the living human body, would fulfill the two basic requirements: (1) be effective, and (2) have no harmful side-effects.



During the first weeks of treatment the patients' reactions were watched with constant anxiety. And the possibility the doctors had feared soon became evident. Even in a one-to-ten mixture, the estrogens proved so dominant over the androgens that there occurred some of the ill-effects other researchers had noted when estrogens alone were administered.

Dr. Masters and his associates then decided to use one part of estrogen with 20 parts of androgen; the unpleasant consequences of estrogen domination disappeared and did not recur. That dosage was maintained for the duration of the project, and for all subsequent experiments.

What happened during that momentous 13 months was this: the doctors, according to plan, concentrated their attention on the pelvic organs of the several women under treatment. To their surprise, the injections resulted in complete re-

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generation of major pelvic organs.

If this had been all the experiment achieved, it would have been momentous medical news. But it has almost been lost sight of in the amazing fact which became more evident daily: *the patients were growing younger.*

"The personality and physical changes which we observed at first casually and then with astonishment," Dr. Masters says, "were quite as much a surprise to us as I am sure they were to the patients." These changes were in many cases nothing less than "a complete reversal of certain degenerative processes."

In their announcement of their findings to their fellow specialists in gynecology and gerontology, Dr. Masters and his associates reported:

"Clinical response to the therapy was definite and marked in all members of the experimental group within the first three months after onset of the study. There was universal voluntary admission (by the patients) to generally increased well-being and vitality during the second and third months. Personal hygiene, of little or no previous interest to the patients, became a matter of paramount personal concern.

"The ability of the patients to entertain themselves and increase their enjoyment of living generally, previously almost completely absent, shortly became apparent to the nursing staff.

"This condition of improved physical capacity and emotional balance increased to a peak at about the fifth month, at which level it was maintained throughout the therapy period."

There was marked improvement in other directions, too. Before the treatments started, the women were put through various tests as to intelligence, memory, initiative, flexibility and thought processes, environmental interests and contact with reality. As might be expected, the elderly women fared poorly.

But the results of the same tests, repeated after six months of hormone injections, amazed the doctors. "The most remarkable improvements," they reported, "were noted in memory and ability to learn new material."

The doctors concluded that: "The clinical response of the therapy group certainly attests to the favorable metabolic effects of the sex hormones. The resultant rejuvenation could be described as dramatic."

The findings of the experiment indicated, also, that there is no reason why men should not benefit equally, since their bodies also use a combination of sex hormones. All that is apparently necessary is to arrive at an appropriate "male ratio" of hormones.

Microscopic examination of selected body tissues of the women showed that the new well-being was no mere state of mind. These organic tissues had suddenly become, in effect, years younger.

One of the most significant facts about the experiment is that the women were not selected for freedom from disease. During the course of the treatments two patients were to die, one of cancer and the other of a heart attack. However, detailed biopsies of the two bodies showed that, despite the fact that both women were near death from major diseases when the hor-

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mone treatments began, a remarkable degree of rejuvenation had taken place in healthy organs and tissues.

Meanwhile, how was the control group faring (living under identical conditions but not receiving hormone injections) during this period? The doctors found that "clinical improvement in the control group of patients was almost negligible. What little improvement was noted was indeed actually attributed to the mental stimulation afforded by close association with the therapy group."

Even more dramatic was the result of withdrawing treatment from some of the women who had undergone remarkable rejuvenation. Within as little as one month these patients regressed to their former condition of mental and physical feebleness.

Such occurrences served to crystallize the hopes of the doctors that the beneficial effects of their injections were actually caused by the replacement of substances which are normally produced in younger persons and which are essential for maintaining the quality of youth in the human body.

It confirmed their theory that aging was caused in great part by the failure of the aging body to produce these natural substances and, most important, that the body would accept and use artificially supplied hormones to do the same job.

Since the completion of the first project, more than 200 women have undergone the same treatment. The results have fully confirmed the doctors' original findings.

Despite these findings, Dr. Masters cautions: "I must emphasize most strongly that hormone replacement is in no sense a cure-all; all patients do not respond equally; it does not control disease, and the results obtained would not have been possible if such vital concerns as adequate diet and satisfactory rest and relaxation were not given attention."

These reservations will undoubtedly be accepted gladly by the millions of potential beneficiaries of hormone replacement.

One by one, science is conquering the major fatal diseases. One of the biggest problems of elderly people today—and to the ever increasing proportion of the young and middle-aged who will attain old age—is not the fatal diseases. It is the fear of the half-life imposed by a complex of declining physical powers, mental alertness, and all the characteristics which have come to be regarded as the inevitable difference between youth and maturity on one hand and old age on the other.

Dr. Masters' treatment offers nothing less than promise of the prolongation of man's prime.

Strictly Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD IS THE PLACE you go to earn the money to go somewhere else. —VERA CASPARY

I'M STAYING AT a Hollywood hotel so swanky that I have to wash my clothes before sending them to the laundry. —WALT FRAMER

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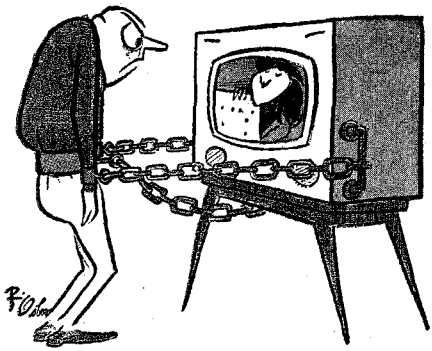
The story of a confirmed addict and his long, hard fight back to life

I Was Cured of TV



by E. A. BATCHELOR

WHEN IN THE COURSE of human events, an individual has recovered from a malady previously believed to be incurable, a respect for the good of mankind requires that he declare the causes of his recovery.

If that is reminiscent of the first paragraph in the Declaration of Independence, the resemblance is purely intentional. Specifically, I have been saved from a fate worse than death—hopeless addiction to television. I have rejoined the human race from which I was snatched by Channels 2 to 7 a matter of approximately five years ago.

Today, I can either take television or leave it. But instead of the intolerance that frequently characterizes the reformed, my resurrection has left me with a heart filled with sympathy and compassion for those many people who still are in bondage. To them I relate my story.

First of all, let me warn my readers that there is no quick and easy way to shake off TV addiction. It is a long and a hard process, fraught with disappointments. Your gains will come slowly: one day of backsliding may wipe out all the progress made in a week. But it *can* be done, and whatever the price, you will find it worth paying.

Doubtless there are skeptics who will say that my jubilation over reformation is premature. But there is no such danger, for I have passed the supreme test—*I have read a book!* By a book, I mean a big 600-page, semi-scientific book. And I actually *read* it, instead of merely staring at the pages. Also, I am reading magazines and newspapers regularly—yes, *daily!*

Furthermore, I have passed another test. I have carried on a conversation with my wife on general subjects, instead of arguing with her as to what channel to tune in on the set, as had been my custom during the period of TV enthrallment . . .

Once upon a time, I was considered reasonably intelligent by those who did not make too intensive an investigation of the facts. True, I was never the life of the party, but I was a splendid foil for those who sought to be. I couldn't play the saxophone, never could

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remember funny stories, couldn't do card tricks, nor even play cards well. But for all these shortcomings, I was not considered a social blight. Then I got a television set!

With the installation of this apparatus, my mind lost the power to create anything or to receive anything that did not come over a coaxial cable. I could not contribute a thing in the way of diversion, information or inspiration to my fellow men. Indeed, I asked nothing of my fellow man except that which came over Channel 2, 4 or 7.

I still went to the office, but it was merely to kill time. On Saturdays and Sundays I mooned around the house until the first of my programs was scheduled. Just so long as the set was active, I would sit and stare at it.

Of course, there really are some things on TV that provide provocative discussion for intelligent people. For instance, the closest I ever came to getting into a fist fight in many years was when a friend said that he didn't like Kukla, Fran and Ollie. It was a shock as great as if a child had said he didn't like ice cream. Fortunately, I remembered my manners in time to avoid slugging this heretic, but I did order him never to darken my door again.

To my mind, Ollie was a greater actor than all the Booths, Barretts and Barrymores combined. Not only did the program furnish me with fascinating entertainment, but it also protected me against the encroachment of fat, when it appeared on an early-evening half-hour. We frequently were in the midst of dinner when it came on, which meant that I was able to take Benjamin Franklin's advice and get up from the table hungry. In fact, the only time I was sure of being able to finish dinner was on week ends, when Kukla, Fran and Ollie weren't scheduled.

We still took the newspapers at home but they were used solely for wrapping things in or papering shelves. Things had come to such a pass that I told my wife she might as well return all the books we had borrowed; nobody in our house ever was going to read again.

That's the way it was at our house, friends. I could go on *ad infinitum* relating the details of my complete abandonment, but they merely would bore you. I can sum it all up by saying that nobody's addiction to anything was ever more complete nor more apparently hopeless.

My first step on the upward path to being cured was a sly peek at the daily papers. I began with the sports pages, inasmuch as they supplemented the bare facts of who had won, as derived from TV. Being an ardent sports fan, I found this type of reading much easier than more important fare would have been. In fact, I was agreeably surprised to find how easily I picked up an old habit.

Next, I began to read the headlines on the front page. From them I learned that a lot of things were going on in the world to which television was giving scant attention. From headlines I progressed to rather a thorough reading of the papers, even to the extent of taking time for this activity while all channels of the TV set were offering competition. Then, it was only a matter of a few weeks before I found myself thumbing through

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magazines I had once subscribed to.

At first, I merely looked at the pictures, but in due time I progressed to reading some of the articles. In fact, I developed such an avid interest in some of the material that I blushed guiltily when I passed the television set.

Full emancipation came at Christmastime when some people who didn't know about my abasement sent me books. Most of these had exciting jackets and in due time, I opened one just for curiosity. It was a fortunate step, because before I knew it, I had begun to read the text and continued to do so from cover to cover.

But still I didn't feel that my cure had been complete, for these Christmas books were of the type known as "light reading." At last came the happy day when I tackled a ponderous volume that had neither pictures nor entertainment *per se*. I picked it up as a test of my resolution to be free, expecting to read it or bust. It was a grim chore, but I made it, without skimming, and I retained a fair idea of the book's contents.

Then I knew that I had been saved. Then I determined, by way of showing my gratitude for my escape, to tell others about it so that they, too, might try to reestablish themselves as human beings. This article is the result. You, too, can be saved—if you are willing to heed my story, and to tackle the problem with the same energy and will power that I have displayed.

Aptly Described

AT A DINNER, Lt. Commander Georges Houot and Lt. Pierre-Henri Willm, who set an all-time record February 15th by taking their sub to a depth of 13,284 feet, were asked to step to the microphone. Scientists and explorers from all over the country leaned forward to hear the answer to the toastmaster's question, "How was it down there?"

In the expectant silence that followed, the two young French naval officers seemed to confer in whispers. Then Commander Houot stepped forward and said: "Black as hell."

—BOB CONSIDINE (*Cincinnati Enquirer*)

"I'M GLAD to find that your great wealth hasn't changed you," an old friend told a rich man.

"It *has* changed me though," the one of wealth replied. "I'm now 'eccentric' where I used to be impolite, and 'delightfully witty' where I used to be rude."

—POWERS MOULTON, *2500 Jokes For All Occasions* (Garden City Books, Doubleday & Co., Pub.)

WHEN ASKED by a new neighbor what her husband did, a wife replied, "My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"And what does an efficiency expert do?" the neighbor wanted to know.

The wife thought a moment, then explained, "Well, if we women did it, they would call it nagging."

—*Faith Today*

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A great actress tells frankly the single thing a man must know to make a woman happy

How Not To Love A Woman

by JUDY GARLAND

MILLIONS OF WORDS have been written on how a man should love a woman. But I have been looking in the mirror and thinking backwards. And I would like to give you my reflections on the things a man should *not* do in loving a woman. Perhaps I am wrong. You will know.

Don't yield your leadership. Don't hand us the reins. That's the main thing. We would consider this an abdication on your part and quicker than anything else, it will fog the clear vision of mutuality which made us love you in the first place.

It would confuse us, it would alarm us, it would make us pull back.

Oh, we will *try* to get you to give up your position as Number One in the house. That is the terrible contradiction in us. And you must realize that we can't help it. It will be a mistake on your part if you blame this contradiction on us and get furious at its very existence. You will have to understand that it *does* exist, because you're the one who's going to get us over it, if anybody ever is.

We will seem to be fighting you to the last ditch for final authority on everything for awhile. But in the obscure recesses of our hearts, we want you to win. You *have* to win. For we aren't really made for leadership. It's a pose.

If you can't teach us that, I think it would be better for you to leave. I really do. It means we really can't be women at all. Or at least we don't intend to be women for you.

And some woman *will* mean to be for you. There have always been plenty of fish in the sea and there always will be. Just don't stay around and be licked; that's no way to love a woman. And that's no woman for you to love.

I think this first bid to get you down, to domesticate you, to make you give up your leadership, is a test we simply must put you through. For, at heart, we are dread-

Miss Garland's latest film is "A Star Is Born"

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fully insecure. And we must know, beyond doubt, that we're safe with you. That you can take it, that you are not bluffing about your strength. And most of all, that you *care* enough to win.

Yes, that's it. *That you care enough to win.* It isn't that we're testing you just because we're biologically vulnerable—are going to bear the children. That's not it at all. We're brave as lions (no matter how much we snivel at our "fates") when it comes to our biological destinies. Or your economic ups and downs. Or earthquakes or floods or anything real and tangible like that.

What we're really scared of is that your love will go dead on us; that you will leave us. And, being women, being the natural born "passive" ones, that we won't be able to lift a finger to stop it, that being the "followers" means ceding our rights to fight for what we want to keep. To fight for *you.* And that's why we fight *with* you, why we struggle; until we're totally reassured that it's all right to stop trying to tame you, to beat you to a pulp, to a non-resister who will never leave us. And whom, at that point, we wouldn't love anyhow.

You may say you don't like it that way. You like a woman who knows her own mind. Whom you can depend on. Who's clear, definite and so forth. You don't want a child bride with a flower-mind cluttering up the landscape.

Well, that's all right, too. We will be what you want us to be. We will be Miss British Tweedy with a horsewoman's stride and a stentorian voice. Or we will be Miss Sunshine Efficiency of 1955 with a house in apple-pie order, the children as quiet as mice and your slippers waiting. Or we will be Miss Roundeyes Switch-hips with a champagne giggle and a come-hither leer twenty-four hours a day. *We will be anything you want.* That's the point. As long as you want it, and make it clear that you do.

And you? What do you have to do to get this paragon of giving womanhood? Well, don't worry about the details if you really love to have us around. It'll show. We'll know. It doesn't matter if you don't help with the dishes if you think it's demeaning. It probably is, if you think so. And it doesn't matter if you're terrible at odd jobs around the house, rebel at our long phone conversations with girl friends, get furious at our pampering of the children, bring us to heel about money. Oh, if you only knew how much it didn't matter. *If* we know, know, *know* that you're Number One and love the role.

Oh, maybe some *little* things matter. How and how often you get it over to us, spontaneously and in your own way, that the intense secret of our love is on your mind, causing you to think about it. But never mechanically. The mechanization of love we dread more than anything. It means death to us.

I know a husband who sent two dozen roses a day to his wife. Every day, every day in the year. In the end the routine arrival of the flowers, such a lovely gesture at the beginning, became a horror to her.

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Her "thank you darlings" became phrases to choke on, her pleased smile curdled on her lips.

"What did I do?" he asked bewilderedly when she sued for separation. Well, he hadn't done anything terrible. But yet he had.

Gift-giving, we know intuitively, is one of the chief ways you have of telling us about your feelings for us. It is only meaningful to the woman if she recognizes that subtle essence of wanting-to-show-your-feelings in the giving. The gift? Our hero would have done far better to have given one rose a month, interspersed with an occasional set of inexpensive earrings or box of chocolates than to have indulged his monotonous fantasy to the extent he did.

AND, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, don't trust us when we tell you what we want directly. We don't *want* a new mop. We don't even want a washing machine. We want something from you that is exclusively for us. A five-dollar bill, even a one. If you say something *right* with it, something you mean. "Run wild with this, darling" or "Buy yourself five ice cream sodas."

"Why should I buy five ice cream sodas?" we might ask hopefully.

"Because I want to think of you having a big binge in an ice cream parlor tomorrow and getting out of this child-infested mad-house."

Pretty silly, isn't it? Of course. But you don't know what it does for us that you're silly. Silly with us. It means you are still silly about us.

And one more little thing, perhaps the same thing as gift-giving. Or perhaps even more important. Showing that you want to be alone with us. At a party saying: "C'mon out into the kitchen with me while I mix them some drinks—they'll get along by themselves," meaning the guests of course. And they will; and you'll find us such a flashing hostess when we come back from that four-minute exclusive excursion with you that you'll wonder what got into us.

Or, at a picnic in the country, saying: "You kids stay here. Mother and I are going for a walk alone for awhile." And then taking our hand. Just a little walk. Just a few minutes. Just to show us we're not all mother, all helpmate.

We lose our identities quickly in what we're doing, we women. And you give it back to us when you show us that we're basically your sweetheart—not just the mother of your children or your economic collaborator. The kids will never have seen such a motherly mother in their whole lives as we will be when we get back from that little walk.

You see the point? We become unsure, get nervous about our real meaning, unless you affirm it to us. And this brings me to the problem of arguing and fighting.

Nobody (who knows) will say that an occasional brisk encounter, verbally of course, will do any harm to either of the combatants. In fact, it's a specific for certain forms of material doldrums. Minor discords are like flat stones: they can pile up. Or like a fog: they accumulate. And a good tiff can be like a breath of cool breeze to a valley mist, blowing it away, clearing the atmosphere. So don't be afraid of a fight with us. We're not made of glass.

But when we must have an argument with each other, don't yell at us. Not unless we become *utterly*

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impossible and you simply can't help it. We suspect a yeller. And it isn't because the loud voice frightens us. It's that we know at once, someplace deep inside, that your voice-raising means weakness. That somehow, we have scared *you* and by raising your voice, you are admitting it.

Do you know how to stop a yelling woman? Just be silent until we are. Because we're being absurd and childish, and we know it. If you don't share our childishness, you'll win the argument every time that it has any importance at all. For of course, we want you to win it. That noise you heard just before you made us giggle at ourselves with your well-timed silence was a tiny tiny thunderclap in an infinitesimal teapot.

So, you see, you have the Indian sign on us. But never doubt it. Just remember the beautiful passage from Ruth that always brings tears to a woman's eyes. Remember? "Whither thou goest, there will I go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." We weep at it because it is such a beautiful description of woman as a follower. And therefore, you and you alone must be the leader. If you are not, nothing else really matters—not money, not brains, not beauty. No, not anything.

Questionable Reward

THERE IS A FOOLISH STORY about a man who stretched a taut wire between two posts in his back yard. Evening after evening he practiced pushing a wheelbarrow over the precarious strand, explaining to the neighbors that he was determined to so push a wheelbarrow across Niagara Falls. The laughter of the neighbors became louder as each evening they watched him topple off his wire, only to get up and try all over again.

On one occasion a young woman, a stranger to the neighborhood, noticed the display. Learning the intent of the man and moved by the ridicule he received from his neighbors, she exclaimed with sympathy, "Don't let the laughter of your friends discourage you. With your determination and patience, you can do it. I know the day will come when, stretched above the Niagara gorge, you'll push your wheelbarrow across."

Face aglow, the man cried, "Do you mean it? Do you really think I can?"

"I know it as sure as I'm standing here. With all my heart I believe you'll accomplish your purpose."

The young lady undoubtedly was not fully prepared for the reply: "I can't tell you what this means to me. You're just the person to share in the glory of my achievement. You see, I'm looking for someone to sit in the wheelbarrow while I push."

—LOWELL RUSSELL DITZEN, D. D., *Personal Security Through Faith* (Henry Holt & Co.)

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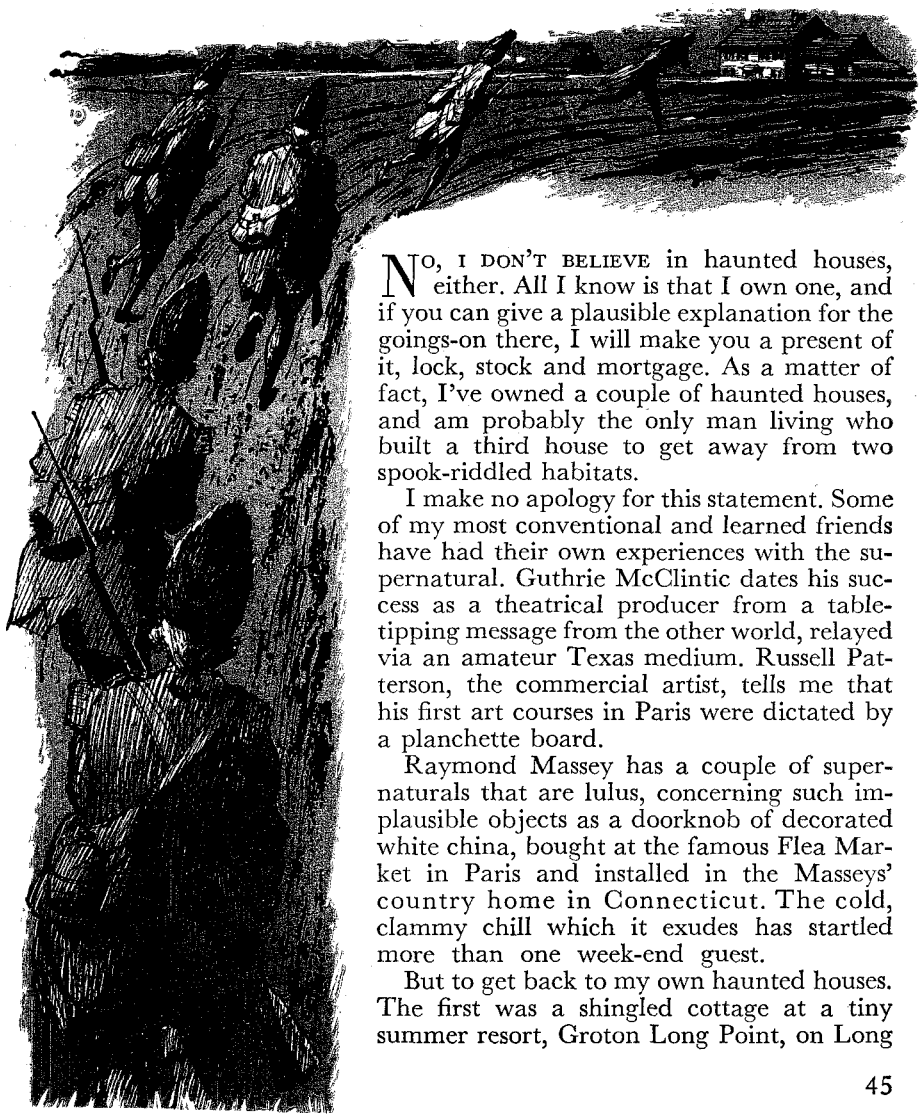
A trembling unbeliever saw the spirits that walk among us

I Know There Are Ghosts

by DANTON WALKER
Nationally Syndicated Broadway Columnist



NO, I DON'T BELIEVE in haunted houses, either. All I know is that I own one, and if you can give a plausible explanation for the goings-on there, I will make you a present of it, lock, stock and mortgage. As a matter of fact, I've owned a couple of haunted houses, and am probably the only man living who built a third house to get away from two spook-riddled habitats.

I make no apology for this statement. Some of my most conventional and learned friends have had their own experiences with the supernatural. Guthrie McClintic dates his success as a theatrical producer from a table-tipping message from the other world, relayed via an amateur Texas medium. Russell Patterson, the commercial artist, tells me that his first art courses in Paris were dictated by a planchette board.

Raymond Massey has a couple of supernaturals that are lulus, concerning such implausible objects as a doorknob of decorated white china, bought at the famous Flea Market in Paris and installed in the Masseys' country home in Connecticut. The cold, clammy chill which it exudes has startled more than one week-end guest.

But to get back to my own haunted houses. The first was a shingled cottage at a tiny summer resort, Groton Long Point, on Long

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Island Sound. I bought the house from a retired vaudeville actress who operated a small inn next door. When cold weather arrived, I offered the place as a winter residence to a friend, a Miss R., who had a job nearby in New London, Connecticut.

Miss R. was a practical and courageous person. She could drive a car, steer a boat and handle a gun with equal assurance; and could take care of both herself and the house in an emergency.

However, since the Point is almost completely deserted in winter, I did have some qualms about her spending the long months in the house alone. As things turned out, she wasn't entirely alone. . . .

On my first visit to the place the following spring, I asked Miss R. if she had been disturbed at any time —meaning, of course, by prowlers.

"I was, once," Miss R. replied meditatively, "and perhaps he was a prowler. It was in December, and it was already dark when I drove back from New London around 5:30.

"After supper I washed the dishes and was about to empty the dishwater down the drain when it occurred to me that the pipes might freeze in the night—so I decided to empty it outside. By then, the wind had risen to a howling gale.

"With both hands busy holding the dishpan it was hard to open the door, but I managed to turn the knob when it suddenly blew open and a man breezed in, almost as if blown by the wind.

"He had piercing black eyes and glowered at me as if he resented being kept outside. But when he stopped for a split second under the kitchen light, his expression changed to one almost of friendliness. He had on a lumber jacket and a felt hat cut around the edges in scallops.

"I put the dishpan down and started to bolt for the door, but when I turned around, the man was gone. By this time I wasn't so frightened as I was hopping mad at the intrusion. The stranger hadn't had time even to get into the living room, but I went in there looking for him. Then I got my gun and went into every room in the house. I even searched down cellar but he had vanished, as the saying goes, into thin air.

"The whole thing took place in a matter of seconds, but I remember every detail of the man's appearance, especially his clothes."

At this point, with my hair standing on my head, I managed to ask if there had been any follow-up.

"Yes," Miss R. answered. "When the actress from whom you bought the house came back from Florida with her mother, I told them about it. They merely laughed nervously, but when she left the room, her mother continued to sit there, tears streaming down her face.

" 'Don't pay any attention to her,' she said. '*I* know what you're talking about. The man was my son. I recognized his clothes; they are in a trunk in the attic next-door.'

"The old lady then described him further and her description dovetailed exactly with my own memory of him. He had spent a lot of time here and loved the place. He was gassed in France during World War I and developed lung trouble. When he left here he went to a

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veterans' hospital, where he died."

Shortly after that, Miss R.'s business took her elsewhere, and I rented the house to a Navy lieutenant stationed at the nearby Submarine Base. His wife was charmed with the place but, soon after moving in, made an odd request. Would I kindly buy a Venetian blind for the front door? She had had the strange sensation of someone—a "Peeping Tom" perhaps—trying to peer into the living room. I bought her the blind and let it go at that.

Finally I sold the Groton house and bought a place in Rockland County, an hour's ride from New York City. I first saw it on a bleak March day when the wind was howling and the house seemed to shiver like an old beggar who has known better days. Restored, however, it became a cozy and charming little dwelling. But I soon learned that I had made it warm and comfortable for others beside myself . . .

I knew little of the history of the old house; only that it was pre-Revolutionary and located on Camp Hill, so named because Mad Anthony Wayne's troops had once bivouacked there. It was only after electricity had been installed and vacuum cleaners brought in that "things" began to happen.

"I have an odd feeling," I remarked to my sister, "that somebody wants very much to get *into* this house. I was startled out of a sound sleep the other day by a loud bang from the iron door-knocker. My own imagination, of course," I added, rather self-deprecatingly, "since there was no one at the door."

Nor was there anyone at the door when, again on a November evening, the same thing occurred. My houseman found an excuse never to spend another night there alone. I had occupied the guesthouse and came in for breakfast to be confronted by a very sullen servant.

"The guesthouse is a nice place to spend the night," I announced cheerily.

"This would be a nice place, too," he muttered, "if they'd let you alone. I got up three times to answer the front door."

A workman painting the kitchen was the next to complain. "Every afternoon they walk up the stairs about four o'clock."

"They—?" I queried.

"Somebody—somebody with boots on," he growled.

A sophisticated lady who spent two nights in the only bedroom upstairs thanked me for my hospitality but asked that I not repeat the invitation. "I simply could not take it again," she remarked. "That bedroom is the busiest place I ever spent a night in."

Soon after this, we began to notice mysterious dents on the pewter, much of which had come into the house in perfect condition. One water pitcher had five distinct indentations, and it gave us all quite a shiver when a guest with unusually large hands fitted his four fingers and thumb into them.

Word of these phenomena eventually reached the ears of an internationally known "psychic," who

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claimed she had had some success in de-haunting houses in England and asked to see what she could discover. Madame X. arrived on a Saturday afternoon with a female secretary and a writer from a psychic publication. Seating herself in the upstairs bedroom, Madame announced that she was satisfied this was the haunted spot and that she would now go into "full trance."

Soon she gave forth mutterings in a deep masculine voice and her secretary confided that this was Madame's East Indian guide, who always stood by as a go-between. After a long dissertation, another personality came through, and things began to happen. To quote from the secretary's notes:

"Slowly, the new personality working through Madame's body (obviously a man) sat up, his hands violently vibrating as if in palsy; his face distorted in extreme pain; eyes blinking, then staring at us with no sign of recognition. This was accompanied by increasingly inarticulate outcries and deeply emotional weeping.

"For about ten seconds, the new personality maintained his position in the chair, then suddenly leaned over and crashed to the floor . . . one leg continuing to execute rapid, convulsive movements . . . as though it had been badly damaged. Now and then, he would throw his left hand to his head, as if to indicate he was in pain there, too."

Madame X. lay groveling at my feet, sobbing convulsively and babbling in broken English.

The story, as it emerged, concerned a mercenary (Polish, not Hessian) who had been trapped in some machination between pro-American French and anti-American British troops, chased into the house by soldiers—presumably British—and horribly beaten. His teeth knocked out, his head bashed in and one leg broken, he was left there to die. He didn't die—then—but lived on for many pain-wracked days, broken in mind as well as body. This was the spirit who was haunting my house!

At last, the East Indian guide again took over and in cultured English explained that Litch, as the Revolutionary mercenary had been known, was set at rest and never again would disturb my house. But I haven't yet mustered up enough nerve to spend another night there.

Did this explain the frantic rappings at the front door, the sound of heavy boots on the stairs, the thud of a body falling in a room above? I don't know. What I do know is that I find the old wagon shed that I converted into a studio (my "third house") a far pleasanter and more peaceful place in which to spend my nights and days.

Battle of the Sexes

THE MAN WHO RIDICULES A WOMAN trying to drive through a 12-foot garage door usually sobers up when he tries to thread a needle. —*Hudson Newsletter*

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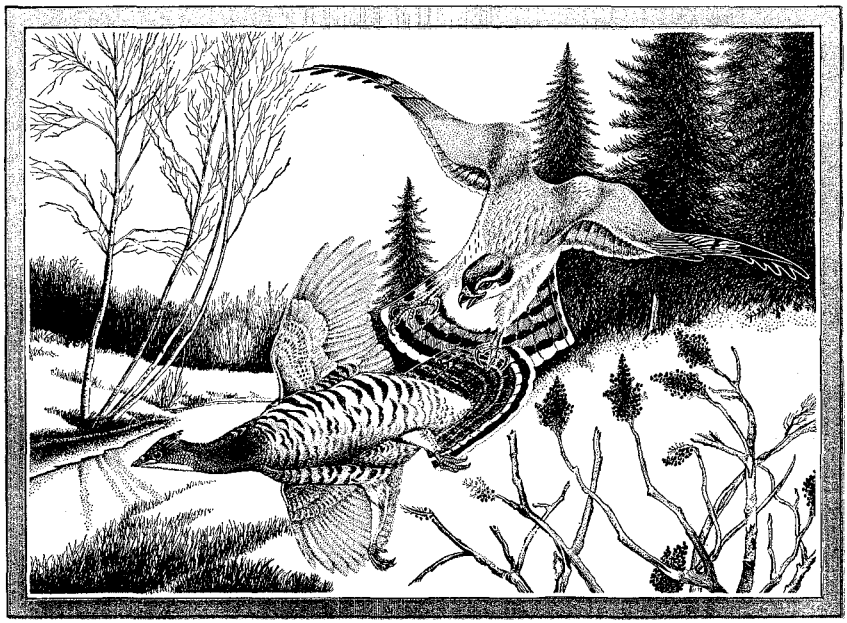
From wilderness travels he brought new life to nature painting



Art Genius of the Bird World

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

THE TIME was a Sunday afternoon in the leisurely 1840s; the place, the countryside just north of New York City. A tall, blue-eyed man hurried toward a mansion called "Minnie's Land." Philip Marston Brasher, Wall Street broker and amateur ornithologist, was on the threshold of a long-awaited meeting with the great artist-naturalist, John James Audubon.

For weeks Brasher (pronounced *bray'zher*) had sought an appointment with Audubon, whose skill as a bird painter had made his name known throughout the world. The artist had finally set the hour at his Hudson River home.

Brasher knocked repeatedly on the door. Finally it opened, framing Audubon's frowning face.

"My name is Philip Brasher," said the visitor. "I have an appointment this afternoon and——"

"Sorry!" Audubon snapped. "I have no time for visitors!" The door slammed shut.

Brasher was hurt, yet he had not

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come this far to be dismissed. He crept to a side window and peered in: even a glimpse of the master at work might suffice. Through the glass he saw Audubon standing at an easel, brush in hand, studying a bird that dangled from wire.

Brasher stared. Had not Audubon proclaimed that most of his famous paintings were made from live birds? The bird on the wire was dead, and from that day on, so was much of Brasher's belief in Audubon.

YEARS PASSED: Philip prospered in business, married, raised a family. But he never forgave Audubon for the affront. Often he recalled it while he watched his young son, Rex, who loved birds as much as he, painstakingly try to sketch a sparrow perched on a window sill of their Brooklyn home.

When the boy was 14, and showed real artistic promise, Brasher told him the story of what had happened at Audubon's home.

"Don't worry, dad," Rex said stoutly. "I'll paint *all* the birds in this country some day, and I won't use dead ones, either! We'll outdo Audubon!"

It took Rex Brasher 44 years to keep that promise to his father—44 years that dropped lesser men by the wayside. Today, he stands alone as the only man who has painted all the birds of North America.

It is difficult to calculate the amount of work, the hours of physical hardship, that went into this prodigious achievement. Few people can even name 50 of America's birds, yet Brasher, working outdoors against the obstacles of time, weather and the unpredictable habits of his living subjects, sketched and painted 1,120 species and sub-species of birds—3,000 actual figures, of which 80 per cent are lifesize.

Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, the late president of the Audubon Society, said: "Brasher's bird paintings are the most beautiful things I have ever seen. . . . When you've seen a Brasher bird, you have seen the bird itself, lifelike in natural attitudes."

Audubon, working at a time when transportation was difficult, cameras were virtually unknown, and inks, paper and brushes were of inferior quality, often sacrificed exactness for dramatic pose or color, creating birds that were artistically beautiful but seldom "alive." Brasher, almost fanatic in his devotion to verisimilitude, spent years in developing techniques which would permit him to combine beauty with the living characteristics of his feathered subjects.

Of the scope of Brasher's work, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, ornithologist at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, says: "I believe that no such project has been attempted since the time of Audubon . . . although the number of species and forms of North American birds known today is more than double that recognized at the time of the pioneer ornithologist."

Brasher, too, was a pioneer in the best sense of the word, traveling on foot over a large part of North America, covering considerably more territory than Audubon did, capturing birds on canvas that the earlier pioneer never knew existed.

Today, at 85, Rex Brasher is still lean and handsome, with silvered hair, patrician features and piercing

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blue eyes. In the living room of his New England farmhouse, he sits in an old brocaded chair by the window, surrounded by memories of the past. He moves across the worn carpet in slippers, picks up a drawing board, goes back to the chair and, with board in lap, draws quick, firm, bird outlines as he talks.

Content and relaxed, he remarks that he has never gained riches with his work. A small annuity and an occasional sale of one of his hand-colored prints brings enough money for pipe tobacco and the few comforts he now enjoys.

"As a young man," he recalls, "I realized that if I fulfilled that promise to my father, I would have to give up most things people cherish—marriage, family life, steady employment. But I knew what I wanted. I had always wandered in the woods and hills with my father, and I learned the difficult lesson of patience, of lying, scarcely breathing, while a hummingbird came darting in to feed her young. I knew little about art, but I began to teach myself. To me, birdlife itself was all the art I needed."

His family had sent him to private school in Brooklyn, then on to St. Francis College. But a $3-a-week job in a hardware store in New York meant more to young Brasher than education. It meant that he could begin saving money to further his "bird-brain storm," as friends called it. From the store he went to famed Tiffany's, where he learned copper engraving and "how to control my hands," then on to a photo-engraving concern in Manhattan. Next was a job as boss engraver in Maine at $25 a week.

REX BRASHER

Saving pennies, painting nights and weekends, Rex worked there for three years. Finally he returned to New York and commissioned a Rockaway Beach seaman to build the *Phalarope*—the kind of boat he had dreamed of since boyhood.

In August, 1895, at the age of 26, Brasher set sail in the 28-foot sloop for a bird-painting expedition along the Atlantic Coast, from Bar Harbor to Key West. This was a year of intense work and study, of putting his difficult, self-taught techniques into action on bird-life; of disciplining himself to draw with restraint; of experimenting with colors; of discouragement and hardship.

When he ran out of food, he would simply dock the *Phalarope* and set out on foot, earning money as a farm laborer, a berry-picker. "You might say I was an Okie with a mission," Rex remarks today.

In 1896, he was back in Brooklyn, broke but happy, for his sketch books were filled. A week later a friend persuaded him to relax for an afternoon at a Long Island racetrack. Carried away by the festive mood of the track, Rex decided to bet from his thin purse. He placed all the money he had on a long shot and the horse came home at 50 to 1.

With his winnings, Rex headed West to continue his dedicated quest. Bird life out there presented limitless opportunity: he filled thousands of sheets with quick outlines. When the paintings became bur-

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densome, he shipped them in bundles of 50 to a friend back East.

Along with his Western sketches, he jotted down observations. "In this rugged land of high-rolling deserts, isolated mesas and deep gullies, always framed by near or distant mountains, the loneliness instilled in all life a longing for companionship. Animals and birds did not scurry, but nearly always tarried to get a better look at me, the queer intruder."

The queer intruder wore a sombrero, ankle-high shoes, faded khaki shirt and trousers. A binocular case hung from one shoulder. His shirt pockets were filled with pencils, and on his back was a rucksack, carrying supplies.

Kneeling motionless in a clump of mesquite, with only his pencil and his eyes moving as he sketched a road runner or a prairie chicken, Brasher seemed as much a part of the environment as the gophers and antelopes that moved around him.

Out of this Western journey came much of Brasher's vast knowledge of feathered life. In addition to capturing birds in pencil, ink and water color, he developed the patience to become their friends. Later, great naturalists like John Burroughs, Daniel Beard and John Muir came to Rex to check their own extensive knowledge of birds.

Realizing that he must cover a tremendous territory if he were to paint all the birds of this continent, Rex next made his way from West to North, signing on as a deckhand on a Maine fishing boat. From this two-year cruise came paintings of gulls and polar birds that most people did not even know existed.

At the end of his voyage, Rex began seeking an isolated spot where he could work and take stock of what he had accomplished. Checking tax-sale lists, he discovered a farm near Kent, Connecticut, located in a cup of land where forest met meadow, a place teeming with wildlife and birds. He bought the farm with his last $800, repaired the old house, and settled down to paint in what he called "Chickadee Valley."

One wintry night he sat before the fire, examining his work. Some 400 paintings were spread over the floor. Years of effort, thousands of miles of travel, had gone into them. Yet he was dissatisfied with some of the colors, with a certain stiffness about some of the birds. Suddenly he cried into the lonely night: "They're not good enough!" Then, one by one, he fed the work of years into the fire, watching the flames turn and twist.

Brasher not only established himself as an artist of the highest order the night he burned his canvases, but he vowed then that in the future, he would retain only those paintings which were perfect. Five years later, in 1912, he stood at the same fireplace and burned more of his works, saving only ten.

Soon afterward, Rex heard of a collection of 100,000 bird skins at the American Museum of Natural

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History. But when he visited the museum, the curator eyed him suspiciously. "Are you a collector?"

"No, sir," Rex laughed. "I'm a bird painter and I merely want to check feather color and hue of leg and bill. I won't leave with any bird skins in my pocket."

For four years, he pored over the collection, checking his sketches, repainting, remixing colors. In between times, back at the farm, he painted from dawn to 8 P.M., keeping three color-dipped brushes ready for use, one in each hand and one in his mouth.

Some of his best work was done as he was hurrying to finish the evening's work before the fire flickered out. Pulling a blanket around him, he kept at it until his hands were numb.

One day at the Museum, a dignified-looking man approached and, peering over his shoulder, said: "That bluejay's bill is a bit too long, the head doesn't set just right."

The man was Louie Agassiz Fuertes, a leading bird painter of his day and said to be the logical successor to Audubon. The meeting was a turning point in Brasher's life. Until that time he had taught himself. Now Fuertes, discovering Rex's mission, invited him to his studio to give advice and guidance.

"I envy you," he told the younger man. "You are doing what I've always wanted to do, but couldn't because I had to make a living for my family."

Not long after Fuertes' death, Brasher finally became satisfied with his own work. His brush strokes were now sure and deft, and he knew his birds so well that every painting portrayed them in an easy, natural manner. But with art maturity came lean days. His savings had vanished. To make money, he wrote articles for outdoor magazines and completed a book, *Secrets of Friendly Woods.*

One day in October, 1928, Brasher put down his brush. He had painted all the birds of North America in three canvas sizes: 20 x 28, 15 x 21, 10 x 14 inches. Crouching beneath ice-coated bushes, standing on river banks, going without food, at times living almost like the birds he painted, Brasher had portrayed in full color more than 3,000 separate figures. He had accomplished what no other man had ever approached. His job, he thought, was finished. But it wasn't.

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER offered to put the collection in book form. But when Rex insisted that the paintings be reproduced as nearly life-size as possible, the publisher disagreed. Then Rex had an idea: he would have his originals reproduced in black and white by gravure process, then hand-color the prints and sell them by subscription.

In the beginning, ten friends put up $1,000 each to underwrite the 12-volume sets. Rex mailed a prospectus to 300 others. Of these, 95 subscribed at $100 a volume.

Once more, in his late fifties, Brasher started his dawn-to-dusk painting. Working up to 15 hours a day, he was ultimately to hand-color 90,000 portraits—a task artists find difficult to believe could be accomplished by one man in a lifetime. Then, in the midst of his work, the market crash of 1929 canceled most of his subscriptions.

Today, the 12-volume sets of 900

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paintings each are collectors' items. Sportsmen, bird-lovers, schools and universities bought every available Brasher painting. Civic-minded businessmen paid as much as $12,000 for a set as a gift for local libraries. Meanwhile, the National Geographic Society, in collaboration with the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, staged a public showing of the originals.

"The collection is one of the greatest single artistic achievements of our time," said the staid Society.

In 1941, the State of Connecticut sent an emissary to Chickadee Valley. Would Rex sell his originals—especially if a museum were available to exhibit his work? Rex agreed, saying: "I want people, especially schoolchildren, to know what America's bird life really looks like."

Soon he received a check for $74,000—a remarkable sum for a State to pay for a collection of bird paintings. Donald C. Mathews, director of the State Park and Forest Commission, recently declared: "We feel that Rex's work belongs to our people. It is our sincere hope that some publisher will soon put Brasher between book covers, so that everyone may enjoy what he has done. Meanwhile, the original paintings are on display at the Harkness estate in Waterford, near New London. The museum doors are open to the public from May to November."

The great seaside mansion of limestone was the summer home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stephen Harkness. Harkness, member of the wealthy Standard Oil family, was a collector of Brasher's works, and it is fitting that his estate should house the artist's originals.

Today, with most of his contemporaries long since gone, Rex finds pleasure in rereading the classics and reciting poetry to the few friends who come to visit. Occasionally, he will hand-color one of his black-and-white prints. He says if he were permitted to sum up his life in a few words, those of his famous friend, John Muir, would suffice:

"I have loved Nature,
And after Nature—Art.
I have warmed both hands
At the Fire of Life . . ."

Many years ago, John Burroughs said of Rex: "He is the greatest bird painter of all time!" In the years to come, all America will owe a great debt to the "warm hands" of Brasher, for he leaves a legacy unequalled in the world of Nature—the world to which he gave a life of genius, so that others, too, could learn to love the birds that add so much color and pleasure to man's whole environment.

Stinger

ONE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S most persistent critics once said to the Prime Minister, "I am a firm believer in fighting the enemy with his own weapons."

Churchill took a deep puff on his cigar and observed, "Tell me, how long does it take you to sting a bee?" —*Widen News*

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Human Comedy

"I TRY TO KEEP it quiet and orderly here," a Chicago landlord told a prospective tenant. "Do you have children?"

"No," said the prospect.

"A piano, radio or phonograph?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument, or have a dog, cat or parrot?"

"No," snapped the thoroughly annoyed prospect, "but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

AFTER STRUGGLING unsuccessfully to follow the directions for installing a new wall-type can-opener, the lady of the house in a certain New York suburb gave up and went to get her glasses for a better look. When she returned, the opener was neatly in place and her cook already using it.

"How in the world did you get this up?" the astonished mistress asked. "You told me you can't read!"

"Well, ma'am," was the reply, "when you can't read, you've just got to think." —JEAN BLODGETT in *Quote*

A FATHER TOOK HIS SON on his knee and told him the story of the lost sheep; how it found the hole in the fence and crawled through; how glad it was to get away; how it wandered so far that it could not find its way back home. And then he told him of the wolf that chased the sheep, and how, finally, the shepherd came and rescued it and carried it back to the fold.

The little boy was greatly interested and when the story was over, he asked: "Did they nail up the hole in the fence?" —*Arkansas Baptist*

ATTORNEY GENERAL HERBERT BROWNELL tells of an incident that took place when the hearing on his nomination for the Cabinet post was held behind closed doors.

Senator Pat McCarran asked the nominee if he had resigned from his law firm, if he had taken his name off the door and out of the telephone book, if he had converted his stock holdings into government bonds. Receiving affirmative answers to all queries, McCarran leaned forward and observed, "You know, if we don't confirm you, you're going to be in a hell of a shape!" —*Quote*

A YOUNG MINISTER who had been taking what his congregation considered undue liberties in the "modernizing" of Scriptural text, was waited upon by a committee representing the conservative element in the church and told plainly that they wanted no more streamlined Scripture.

"What we want," said the spokesman, "is to hear the Bible read just as it was originally written, with nothing added to or taken away."

"Very well," the minister agreed,

(*Continued on next page*)

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"I shall comply with your wishes."

The following Sabbath he read a passage from the Old Testament in Hebrew, followed by a chapter from the New Testament in the original Greek.

—MAXWELL DROKE, *The Speaker's Treasury of Anecdotes* (Grosset & Dunlap Pub.)

A NEW ENGLANDER returned to his old home town and began a round of visits. When he caught sight of an elderly man sawing wood in his yard, he hurried over to say hello.

"My old friend, Mr. Piper," he exclaimed, shaking hands. "And still sawing wood the old fashioned way. Do you know you could saw twice as much if you got an electric saw?"

The old man smiled knowingly. "That's right," he replied, "but I don't need twice as much."

—*V.F.W. Magazine*

ADVERTISEMENT IN A MIDWEST paper: Four-poster bed, 101 years old with springs. Perfect for antique lover! Phone—

—JEROME C. PATTERSON

IN HIS OWN GENTLE, procrastinating way, Dr. George Harris did much as president of Amherst College, but the unpleasant duties of such a post he neglected or ignored. He was not really opposed to work, but I never heard him say much in favor of it. One autumn he rose in chapel to address the students at the first assembly of the year, but after three or four sentences he got tired and, breaking into a happy smile, said:

"I intended to give you some advice, but now I remember how much is left over from last year unused."

With that he took his hat and walked out.

—From *The Memory of Certain Persons* by JOHN ERSKINE Copyright, 1947, by John Erskine, Published by J. B. Lippincott Co.

A YOUNG FELLOW who works in an investment house was impressed and very appreciative at the interest his business associates took in the news his wife was going to have a baby.

Every day one or more of them would drop around to his desk to inquire:

"How's the wife doing?"

"What does the doc say?"

"Any news, old man?"

"Many more days?"

"Baby's still holding out, eh?"

He didn't know that every man in the office had a bet up on when baby would arrive.

—HUGH PARK (*Atlanta Ga. Journal*)

SOME MOTHERS WERE alarmed to learn that the small son of a neighbor was allowed to have his own latch-key. Afraid that their own boys would demand the same privilege, they tackled the mother of the key carrier. When she understood what they were complaining about, she explained with a laugh: "I gave him a latch-key to show off to his friends—but it doesn't fit the door!"

—*Cape Argus*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment upon publication.... No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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A HIT IS BORN

by PERRY COMO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL SCHUTZER

HOW DOES A SONG HIT "get born"? It takes a lot of things: clever lyrics, catchy melody, a sixth sense of judgment about the mood of the times, shrewd exploitation—and luck. Here's the story behind my recent RCA-Victor hit record, "Papa Loves Mambo," just as it happened.

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MONDAY, 4:30 P.M. Bix Reichner, a Philadelphia songwriter, stops by Hanson's luncheonette at 51st Street and Seventh Avenue in New York for a glass of milk. Located in the heart of Tin Pan Alley, Hanson's is often called "the poor man's Sardi's," a hang-out for musicians, songwriters and singers. Here they get their phone messages, catch up on news and contacts, and wangle a little credit.

At the counter, Reichner meets dapper, sad-looking Al Hoffman, a fellow songwriter. Reichner knows about Hoffman's work—"Mairzy Doats," "If I Knew You Were Comin', I'da Baked a Cake," and his recent ones with Dick Manning, "Somebody Goofed" and "Gilly Gilly Ossenfeffer Katzenellen Bogen by the Sea." Comparing notes with him now, Bix suddenly realizes Al is the man to write a mambo novelty to a title buzzing in his head for weeks.

As he leaves, Bix, a lanky part-time farmer with a predilection for loud shirts and a close working knowledge of the music industry, says, "I'd like to throw a title at you. See what you think." Al puts down his root beer: "Shoot!" Bix holds his breath dramatically, then shoots it out: "Papa Loves Mambo." A glint appears in Al's eyes, and Bix knows he has hit the target. Hoffman smiles and says, in his soft voice, "I like it. I'll talk it over with Dick Manning and see what we can come up with."

"It can't miss," Bix says. "The country's in the midst of a mambo mania. Kick it around." He waves goodbye and rushes to catch a train.

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MONDAY, 4:35 P.M. Hoffman calls Dick Manning, his collaborator for the past two years. "Look, Dick, I'm excited about a new idea for a song. I just bumped into Bix Reichner and he gave me a title—I think it's a sure-fire: 'Papa Loves Mambo.' " Dick's reaction is spontaneous. "Great! Sensational!" he says excitedly. "Let's put everything else aside and work on this. We'll bat it back and forth at dinner tonight."

8:15 P.M. Hoffman and Manning, a stocky, good-humored man with features not unlike a mustached cherub, have a dinner-theater date with their wives tonight. But during dinner, their enthusiasm reaches such a peak that they decide to forego the theater and start working on the song immediately at Al's place.

Fast phone call sets wheels in motion.

Walking on Broadway, songwriters' wives, neglected, follow conferring husbands.

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MONDAY, 9 P.M. In the living room of Al's luxurious apartment on W. 57th Street, the writers continue their preliminary doodling with words and music. As these talks progress, they lock themselves into Al's den and hang a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob, leaving their wives to watch television. Hoffman changes into pajamas and robe (which he invariably wears when working); Manning sheds his coat and tie. Concentrating on finding a catchy novelty strain, each sings snatches of melody, pausing only for Al to light another cigarette and Dick to sip more coffee.

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DECISIONS ARE MADE about construction of the song. Should the title come first or at the end of the phrase? "It's always better at the beginning," Al points out. "It's safer. People remember the opening, not the middle." Dick agrees.

Then the rhythm. What beat do they use? Dick, who plays fine piano and organ, suggests a few mambo tempos, and they select one ("Later, we learned it was the *cha-cha*").

Hoffman and Manning like to work out a melodic strain first—"before we drape it with a lyric." So Dick sits at the piano and plays some of their ideas. The opening bars seem to call for an echo: should it be a vocal or an instrumental echo? They decide to make it instrumental.

With the opening phrase finally set, the boys find they can make a little headway. The phrases now begin to flow: ". . . He goes fast . . . she goes slow . . . he goes left . . . she goes right . . ." But the problem now is to end this thought. "We've got to have a good punchline," Al tells Dick. "Something to catch 'em, to make 'em laugh."

Like expectant fathers, they pace the floor, Hoffman mumbling lyrics to himself while Manning scans the first notes set down. "What rhymes with 'right'?" One of them (they don't remember now who) shouts: "Sight!" and suddenly everything seems to fall easily into place: "Papa's lookin' for mama but mama is nowhere in sight."

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TUESDAY, 2:30 A.M. After ten cups of black coffee for Dick and a carton of cigarettes for Al, they are ready to set down the final draft on paper. ("Papa Loves Mambo" has only 113 words in its lyrics, but finding the right combinations was a tough business.) Playing melody and lyric, the boys iron out the kinks in the finished product, make the necessary revisions, break the news—in loud song—to their wives and call it a night.

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TUESDAY, NOON. Al and Dick's good friend, Claire Kaufman, sings song to Bix ("So fast? I think it's great") and to Dick Voltter, vice-president of Shapiro-Bernstein music publishers ("Bring it up at 4:30. I want Mr. Bernstein and Al Gallico, general manager, to hear it"). At 4:35, after one rendition, trio nods approval and Gallico says quietly: "We'll take it."

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WEDNESDAY. Dick Voltter and Al Gallico lunch at Toots Shor's with Joe Carlton, RCA Victor's Artists & Repertoire head, who selects tunes and the artists to sing them. When Carlton first hears the title, he nearly falls off his chair. He has been searching for a mambo, aware of the huge teen-age craze over the dance. "What a natural!" he thinks. . . . That night, Carlton works late in his Radio City office, ignoring the cleaning women, to get the song recorded quickly. His first decision was, "It's perfect for Como." So he decides to try and persuade me to do it.

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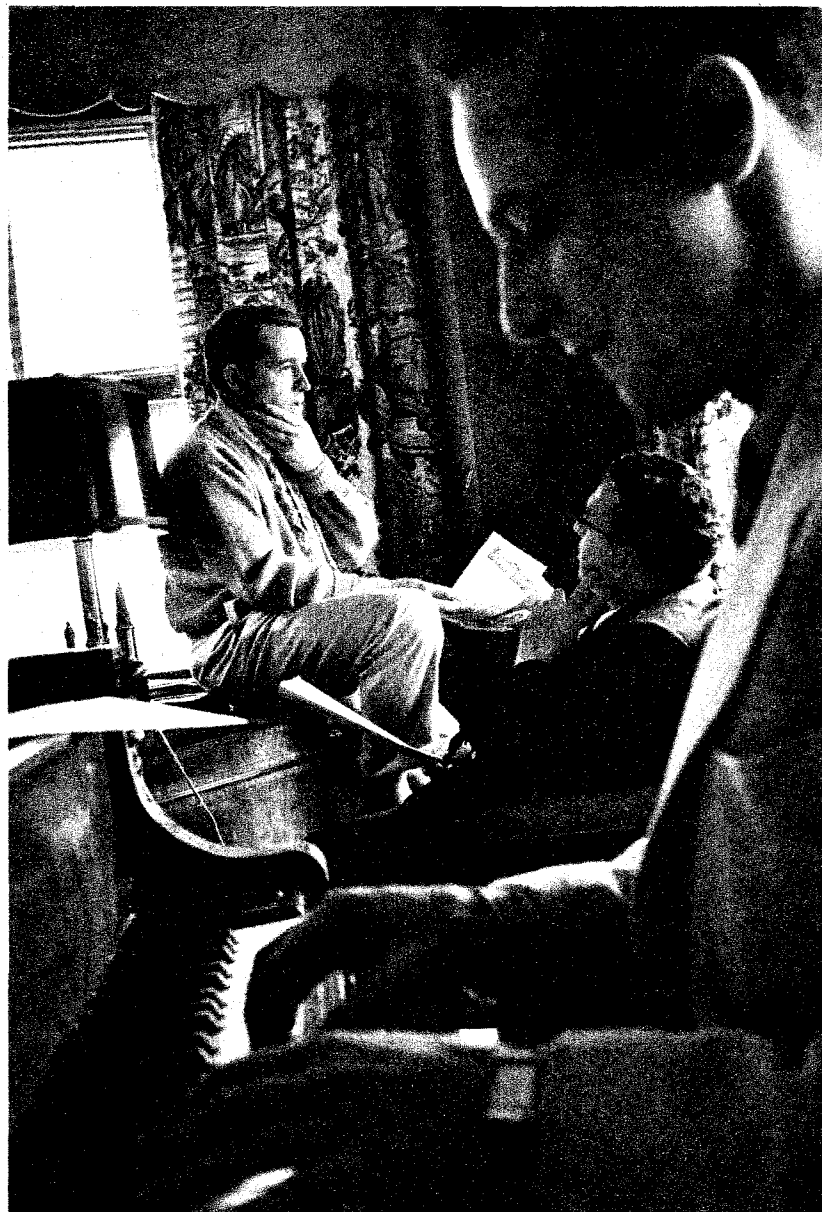

Next day, Carlton convinces me, while pianist plays the tune several times.

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TUESDAY: girl singers and I meet for recording session in Manhattan studio.

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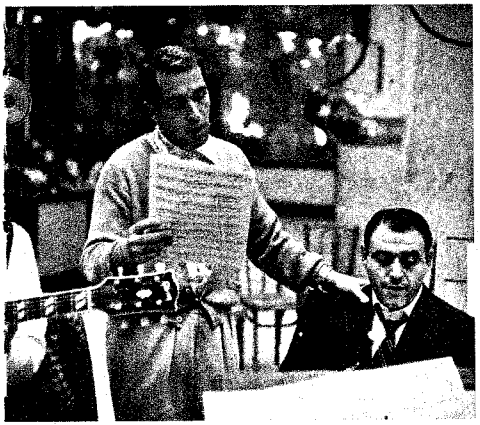

First, I run through song with pianist, then check with Carlton and arranger.

FRIDAY. Joe Carlton calls in Joe Reisman, arranger who has done some fine work for Patti Page, and assigns him to do "a spirited, raucous arrangement, bearing in mind Como's easy style." Next morning, Carlton confers with Mitchell Ayres, my musical director and long-time friend. They set the time for the recording date:

TUESDAY, 5 P.M. As Artists and Repertoire man, Joe Carlton supervises the recording sessions. He and the engineers say I'm a Toscanini—a perfectionist. But there's no use doing something unless you can do it well. I may be hypercritical about my own performance, but I would rather spend a little more effort and time and do the very best I can.

Next: I rehearse with Mitch Ayres' band.

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CRAZY THINGS happen at recording sessions. If you don't have a sense of humor and a barrelful of patience, you might not survive the strains. Fortunately, the Ray Charles Singers, the four girls who back me on the vocal of "Papa Loves Mambo" and the reverse side, "The Things I Didn't Do," are well-equipped. . . .

We are going fine until suddenly I "fluff"—trip over the tongue-twisting lyrics. The girls giggle, I grab my mouth in shame, and, the tension broken, we try again. . . .

I can never eat during a recording session, no matter how long it lasts. I might gulp down some coffee or a Coke, maybe, but I like to eat in peace and quiet, when the work is behind me.

When we finally finish, I am still not convinced that "Papa Loves Mambo" is the right song for me, so I bet my friend Larry Kanaga, general sales and merchandise manager for RCA-Victor, $50 that "The Things I Didn't Do" will be the hit side of the record. Funny thing . . . I seem to win bets we make on prizefights—but Larry collects on the record sides.

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AWAY FROM the scrutinizing eyes of a television audience, we dress sloppily and work in a casual atmosphere. For greater comfort, the girls sometimes abandon shoes.

To break up the heavy repetition of "takes," I try relaxing by walking a straight line along one of the mike wires or doing a mambo step with one of the girls.

The "takes" continue until one is pronounced "good" by the engineers, Joe Carlton and me.

FEBRUARY, 1955

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"I wasn't quite with it right there. What do you say, Joe—should we try again?"

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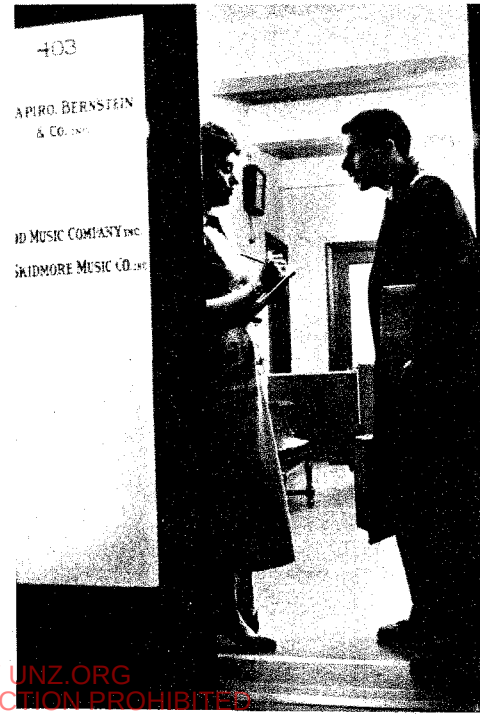
WEDNESDAY, 11 A.M. Emanuel (Manie) Sacks (center), RCA-Victor General Manager with his promotion and sales staff, maps exploitation plan for record.

ONCE THE PERFORMERS are through with a recording, the sales staff campaigns to get the record the most attention possible. Song-pluggers like Freddy Parker (right) of Shapiro-Bernstein often take acetate recordings for special previews to disk jockeys.

Every summer I try to visit distributors around the country with Larry Kanaga, to find out what they would like me to record. One of the "convincers" for choosing "Papa Loves Mambo" was a request by a Maine distributor for a mambo tune.

Soon wires begin pouring in from distributors: "Sounds like a hit. Double the order!" And the word is that "Papa Loves Mambo" is the kick-off for the Fall season.



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MONDAY, 7:45 P.M. I introduce "Papa Loves Mambo" on my CBS-TV Chesterfield show as "a song I've just recorded." The kids in the audience react so wildly that I begin to suspect my doubts are groundless. After that, the song climbs in sales. And it looks like I lost my $50 bet.

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He braves the hazards of the barren Arctic to bring healing to its people

Priest of the Northland

by MICK NATHANSON

EARLY IN THE BITTER COLD December of 1953, this urgent radio message was beamed northward out of Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's "Northern Messenger" program:

"To anyone knowing the whereabouts of Father Buliard please convey to Father Buliard the following news:

"Everyone sorry that aircraft could not reach him last fall. We are trying the impossible to reach him and bring supplies as soon as possible.

"Aircraft in trouble at Igloolik. As soon as airworthy again, it will go to Garry Lake. We hope that he is still well and manages to survive despite lack of supplies for over a year."

Then civilization once again awaited news of Father Joseph A. Buliard, the little, bespectacled Oblate Father who, at 41, is a veteran of missionary work among the Eskimos of the vicious north country.

Finally, relayed along the Arctic's dogsled-radio network, came the brief message that Father Buliard was in good health out on the bleak barrens hugging the Arctic Circle, and would not need supplies until the following March.

The message had originated at Cambridge Bay on the south shore of Victoria Island, 1,300 miles north of Winnipeg.

To the people of the Northwest Territories, Father Buliard has become a legend of fearlessness and indestructibility. To his 300 Eskimo parishioners in their scattered camps he is friend and doctor, hunter and provider, spiritual and material benefactor. By foot and by dog sled, he ministers to them, pagan and Christian alike, as their primitive nomadic existence keeps them constantly on the move.

Despite his herculean tasks, Father Buliard is not a big man physically, although the thick black beard which he lets grow freely when he is away from civilization

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adds fullness to his thin, benign face. In fact, without it his countenance is almost shy and schoolboyish, with friendly, twinkling eyes peering through black frame glasses.

This "Albert Schweitzer" of the northland was born in 1914, at Le-Barboux, in the Jura Mountains of France near the Swiss border, one of a happy family of 12 children. In 1934 he joined the Oblate Order, after two years in the Besançon Seminary, and completed his theological studies at the Scholasticate of La Brosse-Montceaux.

HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT was the mission at Repulse Bay, which sits astride the Arctic Circle in Canada, and it almost proved his last. One day, as he hurried across the frozen bay, the surface suddenly cracked and the young priest dropped into the cruel, freezing water.

He clung desperately to a block of floating ice and only after a long struggle managed to reach the solid ice attached to the shore. Then, with the indomitable spirit that has marked his years in the Arctic, he walked and crawled to his mission house. His hands were badly frozen and gangrene set in.

It was six weeks before a plane could reach him and bring him over 1,200 miles to Winnipeg for treatment. But no sooner had he recovered than he was trekking out again into the lonely, frozen wastelands.

Father Buliard's passion for service, and love of the poor and ignorant of the Arctic, remains unabated no matter what defeats he suffers.

His joys are measured by such things as teaching catechism to an old woman and preparing her for baptism. This woman was crippled and unable to walk, but so great was her desire for the sacrament that long before the ceremony began she dragged herself on her knees to the mission.

And there is humor in a situation such as Ka-mo-ka's, a pagan with good dispositions toward Father Buliard and his religion, but a man of difficult status. He had two wives, one of 25 years' standing and the other 12. However, the Eskimo was firmly resolved to straighten things out, and solved his plight by trading one wife to a widower for a telescope and a dog and then becoming a Christian.

As the priest trudges alone or with an Eskimo guide across thousands of miles of empty barren lands, spiritually he is joined with many others of his Order who perform their quiet and gallant missionary work in remote and inaccessible regions of the Arctic, often at cost of their lives.

Father Buliard has said of himself: "I am not gifted with what it takes to make a tireless missionary; manual labor leaves me exhausted and my hands, which were badly frozen, how can they support the intense cold for several months?"

And yet his work, calling as it does for limitless energy and un-

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bounded courage, continues to disprove his modest opinion of himself.

Even on a trip where enough supplies are taken along things don't always go right, such as the journey to Back River in 1947. Father Buliard and his guides thought they had enough food and kerosene, and expected to find meat for the dogs on the trail. But raging blizzards extended the trip from February 10 to March 5, and when they reached the caches of caribou meat upon which they had relied for themselves and the dogs, they found them eaten by wolverines.

The guides had to help the weakened dogs pull the sleds while Father Buliard ran ahead to accelerate their progress. Finally they reached the igloos of Back River where they were warmly received and banqueted on frozen fish.

He stayed at the settlement seven weeks, teaching, aiding the sick and trying to supplement the food supply. But that season fish were scarce, and famine finally cut short his visit.

He left the camp with an Eskimo couple on Good Friday for the long trek to Wager Bay to see if he could get relief for the starving Eskimos.

Three nights later, after stumbling hungry and exhausted for many miles over the frozen snowfields, Father Buliard's eyes started to hurt and he recognized the first symptoms of snow blindness. He was a victim of his own generosity, having given his indispensable dark goggles to a snowblind Eskimo during the trip.

The next morning he was unable to see and had to ride the sled. Five days after starting from Back River they finally reached the camp of an Eskimo whom Father Buliard had baptized and were given food.

Little by little, his sight came back. His undefeatable spirit led him to such complete recovery that in September, 1948, he was flown in to Garry Lake, 500 miles northwest of Churchill, to establish a permanent mission.

"I was overjoyed at the thought of the beautiful task ahead of me" he says, "until a voice would whisper inside of me: 'Don't be too optimistic! You haven't succeeded as yet, it will prove to be a harrowing experience for you!' "

The little voice knew what it was talking about. Camped near a tiny Eskimo village of two families, Father Buliard was left with a tent, sleeping bag and caribou skin clothing, his mess kit, one bag of flour, tea, biscuits and a few sundry items —enough to hold out for one month.

That night as a violent rainstorm soaked through his tent and sleeping bag, the aircraft, which had returned to Baker Lake and was supposed to shuttle back and forth bringing him much needed supplies and building material, was destroyed by the gale at its mooring.

FINALLY, AFTER DAYS of alternating good and bad weather failed to bring the relief plane, the plucky priest realized that an accident must have occurred and another plane might not show up until the following Spring, for the icing of the lakes and the long Arctic night would prevent safe flying. So he made plans to contact his parishioners and then try to make it to Baker Lake by dogsled for Christmas.

He had daily school for the children and catechism classes for all,

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doing his teaching by writing with his finger on the heavy coating of frost covering the panels of his tent. During the night, a new coating of frost would blot out the writing of the previous day, and the "white board" was ready to be used again.

In November, Father Buliard and an Eskimo named Kor-shook set out for his long parochial visit. They took with them only seven pounds of flour, a few biscuits, less than a quarter of a pound of tea, half a gallon of kerosene for the little Primus stove, and 200 pounds of raw meat which they were to share with the dogs. This for a trip that was to cover 1,600 miles in two months, most of it on foot.

By March of 1949, seven months after Father Buliard had been temporarily abandoned by the plane at Garry Lake, concern for his safety was mounting in Churchill. The concern was well warranted, for Father Buliard had spent months on the trail suffering from hunger, exhaustion and frostbite.

On Christmas Eve, after an unbearable day, he camped in the midst of a snow desert and wrote in his diary: "It is Christmas Eve. Elsewhere people are preparing to welcome the Infant-God and to take part in the festivities. Here the outlook is less bright. Kor-shook and I are alone in a cold igloo, far from any house. We have a long way to go, without meat, without fish to eat. We have a little flour and a few biscuits, far from enough. I don't dare say Midnight Mass. We are dead tired and have to get to sleep right away in order to get an ounce of strength. The slightest delay in this treacherous country may prove to be fatal."

On January 13, he and his guide finally reached the latter's camp near Garry Lake, from which he had begun his long pastoral visit in November. They had failed to reach Baker Lake, where supplies could have been obtained.

Even at Kor-shook's camp the hardships were not over, and March 24 found Father Buliard and his Eskimo companions in a desperate plight. Caribou were scarce and they had only ten cartridges left.

Father Buliard was patiently fishing through the ice when he heard the purr of an airplane engine.

On the third day of the search, the Chief Pilot of Arctic Wings Co., Gunnar Ingebrightsen, had been commissioned by Father Buliard's worried superiors at Churchill to pluck the valiant priest from the middle of nowhere and bring him to Churchill. The plane then returned to Garry Lake carrying help to the Eskimos.

After this experience it was expected that Father Buliard would be deterred from future treks into the Arctic. But those who thought so apparently forgot to mention it to the valiant missionary, for during his convalescence he spent much of his time preparing government-prescribed courses for the Eskimos in their native language and also writing religious tracts for them. He returned to Garry Lake that summer, and last winter's radio message is evidence that he has not cut down on his activities.

By his work and sacrifice, this gallant priest of the barrens has earned the right to stand alongside men like Schweitzer in Africa and others who have brought faith and healing to primitive peoples.

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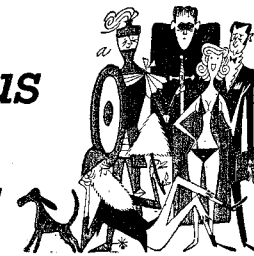
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Fact-Titious or Fictitious



RUBY MERCER, who interviews the famous and non-famous on her own radio show (Mutual Broadcasting System, Monday through Friday, 3:00 to 4:00 P.M. and Saturday, 1:30 to 2:15 P.M. EST), has often discussed the real and supposedly real characters of history and literature. Now Ruby has collected some pairs—one factual, one fanciful—of persons, places and things. Can you pick the "fact-titious" one of each pair—the one that really existed? (Answers on page 116.)

1. a. Tom Thumb; b. Thumbelina
2. a. Richard Strongbow; b. Robin Goodfellow
3. a. Mount Olympus; b. Magic Mountain
4. a. The Valkyries; b. The Know Nothings
5. a. Hercules; b. Sandow
6. a. Little Buttercup; b. Little Giant
7. a. Pocohontas; b. Minnehaha
8. a. Croesus; b. Midas
9. a. King Cole; b. King Canute
10. a. Pied piper; b. Paracelsus
11. a. Apples of Hesperides; b. Grapes of Concord
12. a. Lady Godiva; b. The Lady of Shalott
13. a. The River of Forgetfulness; b. The Bridge of Sighs
14. a. Arcadia; b. Atlantis
15. a. Mary's lamb; b. Bo-Peep's Sheep
16. a. The Flying Dutchman; b. The Half Moon
17. a. The dodo; b. The roc
18. a. Helen of Troy; b. Cleopatra
19. a. Darby and Joan; b. Punch and Judy
20. a. Dick Whittington; b. Jack the Giant Killer
21. a. Mother Hubbard; b. Mother Shipton
22. a. Uncle Sam; b. Uncle Toby
23. a. Boz; b. Pip
24. a. Old Man of the Sea; b. Old Man of the Mountain
25. a. Simon Pure; b. Simon Bolivar
26. a. Anne of Cleves; b. Anne of Green Gables
27. a. Mr. Republican; b. Mr. Tutt
28. a. Jane Grey; b. Jane Eyre
29. a. The Wizard of Oz; b. The Wizard of Menlo Park
30. a. Tasmanian devil; b. Frankenstein's monster
31. a. The big bear; b. The middle sized bear
32. a. Salome; b. Hansel and Gretel
33. a. The shirt of Nessus; b. The old school tie
34. a. Knights of the Bath; b. Knights of the Round Table
35. a. Hobbledehoy; b. Banshee

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New Wonder Fabrics For Your Clothes

From laboratory test tubes come new formulas for comfort, styling and durability

by NORMAN CARLISLE

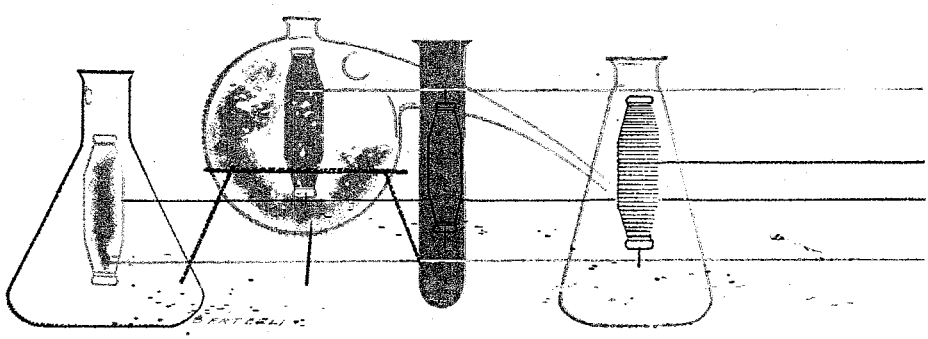
IN THE 1940s, by miracles of molecule juggling, science created a glittering stream of new man-made fibers. Such words as nylon, Dacron, Orlon, Acrilan and Vicara took their place in the daily vocabulary of millions. And along with the new textiles from the test tubes, chemicals gave startling new properties to cotton and wool.

But the textile drama of the last decade is proving to have been only a curtain-raiser for the main show. For today, 24 new synthetic fibers are either on the market or ready for production. A score more are at the pilot plant stage. And behind the scenes every big chemical firm has "X" fibers still in the laboratories.

Chemists have developed hundreds of different chemical treatments for cotton alone, and hundreds more that give wool and rayon wonderful new qualities. Moreover, they have re-vamped earlier synthetics that did not behave quite as their creators hoped they would.

To chart your way through the jungle of chemistry's new textile domain, you might begin with "engineered" fibers, the development that may do more than anything else to change the clothes you wear.

This technological drama has lately been enacted literally thousands of times in the labs. Take an actual case. A representative of



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Cone Mills, weavers of shirting cloth, told Du Pont chemists that Dacron was wonderful—tough and wrinkle-resistant and all that—but when you got right down to it, there was nothing like the feel of a cotton shirt. Now, if they could just mix up the two. . . .

Thereupon, Du Pont and Cone Mill experts went to work, joined in their task by others from Brooks Brothers, who had said they could certainly use a shirt like that. Weeks and months went by while they tinkered with different fabrics, turning out at least one new combination every day, until eventually they had "engineered" the makings of a super-shirt that has all the looks and feel of cotton along with the quick-drying, easy-living advantages of Dacron.

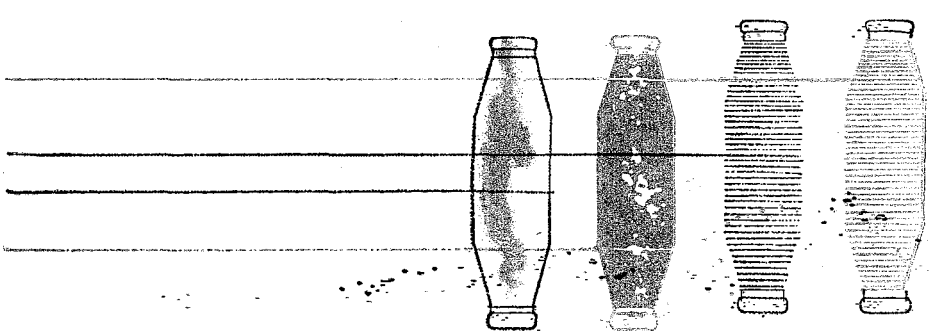
Dacron-cotton is only a start toward a whole new world of glamor fibers that have the beauty and feel of natural ones, plus all the technical advantages of the chemical ones, and without their drawbacks.

There is, for instance, Dynelwool—wool to which 35 per cent Dynel has been added to form a true wonder fabric which gives longer wear and keeps its creases and pleats in humid weather, or in a rainstorm. Because they are stronger, the yarns can be finer. This makes for startling changes in such familiar fabrics as flannel, which comes out so light, strong and wrinkle-resistant that it makes a summer suit which can be worn for more than three weeks without pressing.

Nylon and wool . . . nylon and cotton . . . Dacron and wool . . . Acrilan and cotton . . . rayon and wool . . . Vicara and cotton . . . Vicara and rayon . . . Orlon and wool . . . the number of possible combinations is astronomical. How can the buyer of a new dress or suit made of a blended material know that the amount of "wonder fiber" added is enough? Has it really improved the garment?

Take a good look, textile experts say, at the label on any new blended fabric and make sure it states the exact percentages of each fiber. Not that it means too much to you, but a responsible manufacturer who has added sufficient quantities of the synthetic fibers will not hesitate to say just what his material contains.

The amounts needed vary, depending on the purpose. For instance, 35 per cent Dacron can add values to a woven fabric, but it



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may take 75 per cent to do any good in a knitted one.

Actually, your best bet, say the makers of the fibers, is to depend on labels of nationally advertised firms who will not risk their reputations on fabrics that have not been thoroughly tested to give top performance.

The big boom in "engineered" or blended fabrics does not mean that the chemical fibers have lost their magic. One by one the molecule jugglers are changing them, eliminating undesirable traits. Take Dynel, a Union Carbide & Carbon product that took 17 years of research.

As warm as wool, Dynel is tougher than cotton, mildew-proof, fire-resistant, quick-drying, form-holding. Yet purchasers of early Dynel blankets complained that they built up so much static it spoiled radio reception.

Chemists tried treating Dynel with coatings, but most of them had a way of washing off or destroying the very properties that made it an improvement on natural fibers. At last they hit on a resin that is a chemical cousin to Dynel itself. It went right into the Dynel fibers, mixed with them, and the scientists knew they had finally found a built-in anti-static agent. Fifty rough and tumble washings will not take it out of a blanket. That is the kind of Dynel you will be buying soon.

When nylon, veteran of the chemical fibers, first came out, a famous designer took one look at it and shook her head. "You'll never make anything but hosiery out of that stuff," she said. "It's too cold and slippery, and you can't get enough different fabric effects."

Of course, her prediction proved to be wrong, but her criticism put the finger on a big drawback that exasperated Du Pont textile experts until they hit on a solution that promised a whole new era for nylon —and indeed for Dacron, and probably most other chemical fibers which could be accused of being cold, shiny or lacking in variety.

They began by asking themselves questions about the differences between chemical fibers and those Nature made. Why are the natural ones soft and resilient and pleasant to the touch? The answer was simple: the natural fibers are short, so to make yarn out of them, they are twisted together, end to end.

Look at them through a microscope and you see thousands of minute fiber ends sticking out. These fuzzy little ends stimulate the nerves of the human skin in such a way that we consider them soft.

Now look at a chemical fiber. It is really a long, thin wire that congealed as it spurted from the pinholes of a spinerette. No fuzzy ends at all. So what can you do about it?

One day an engineer at Du Pont got to wondering what would happen if he put a series of little loops in these filaments. He tried it, using a hand tool at first, and to his delight discovered that it worked. That was fine, but you couldn't put loops in millions of miles of filaments by hand.

Mechanical engineers went to work on this problem and after years of effort, Du Pont was ready, not long ago, with the news that its engineers had found a mechanical means of putting loops into any chemical fiber yarn. Use a lot of short loops on a thin filament and

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you get a soft fabric; use longer loops in a thicker filament and you get a crisp one.

The possibilities of "texturing," as the process is called, are endless. Now any textile mill can develop its own special fabric effects with the machine leased to it by Du Pont.

ONE OF THE MOST astonishing textile remodeling jobs has been accomplished on the first man-made fiber, rayon. For decades, rayon's color and texture tempted fashion designers. The big catch was the fact that you could not wash it without saying goodbye to the appearance that made it so attractive in the first place.

Five years ago, chemists at American Viscose research laboratories in Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, tenderly turned over 250 yards of rayon challis to a clothing firm. The fabric did not look any different from other rayon, but it was impregnated with a resin which had been found only after hundreds of discouraging failures.

One hundred shirts made from it went to employees who were told, "Wash them any way you want to. Throw them in the machine."

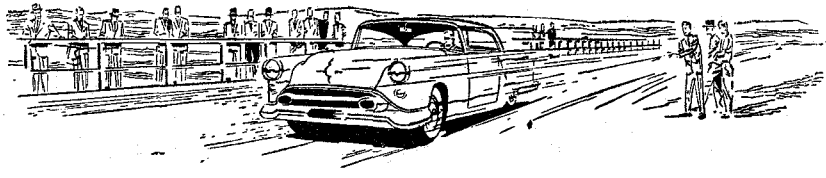
The wearers soon found that the shirts miraculously shrank less than two per cent—and were still wearable after as many as 50 to 100 washings. The old dream of permanent washability for rayon has been realized; and, furthermore, this treatment, called Avcoset, lengthened the fabric's life and, by making its fibers more resilient, caused wrinkles to smooth out quickly.

Another sweeping improvement in this fiber is going to mean safer driving. Engineers have always been haunted by the idea that rayon, which is definitely stronger than cotton, could be made super-strong for use in automobile tires. After 8 years of research, they found a way to rearrange the molecular chains that make up this cellulose fiber.

How well they succeeded is evidenced by what happened as cars equipped with new "Super Cordura" rayon tires roared around test tracks. In long runs at 80 to 100 miles an hour, the new cords stood up several times longer than ordinary rayon cords; and they were almost as strong—after 40,000 miles of rough treatment—as when first molded into the tire.

Ranking right along with the molecular miracles that create new fibers is the magic that the chemists are applying to natural ones. Chemical treatment of natural fibers enables them to equal or actually surpass synthetic ones.

One quietly conducted research program is credited with saving a score of lives. Witness an event that occurred recently in a Pittsburgh steel plant when horror-stricken fellow workers saw a bursting sand



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mold send molten metal showering over Stephen Perlacky.

In his desperate effort to escape, Perlacky fell into a six-foot pit which was filling with the fiery substance. Almost suffocated by the searing heat, the metal lapping at his ankles, he somehow climbed out.

He made his miraculous escape because his clothing did not catch fire. Yet that clothing was made not of asbestos, not of glass fibers, but of cotton. It had been treated with a new flame-proofing compound, Perma-proof, which has properties that will not wash out.

The new flame-proofing, now available in draperies, mattress ticking and work clothes, is only one of the countless compounds. Many of them, like those that make cotton wrinkle-resistant, are already familiar; many more are just emerging from the laboratories.

Scientists believe they have barely begun to exploit the alchemy that turns such materials as coal, natural gas, petroleum, corn and peanuts into brilliant fabrics. Allied Chemical & Dye has just brought out a nylon-type fiber it hopes may equal that fabulous success. B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company is experimenting with new fibers. The Carborundum Company has come up with Fiberfrax that stands 3,000-degree temperatures and is so fine that it actually filters out certain bacteria.

The list is endless. No wonder a big maker of cloth like Dan River Mills maintains a pilot plant with 24 looms that do nothing but test thousands of experimental fabrics. And in the hectic Alice-in-Wonderland world of textiles, scientists are even at work on a project that may strengthen silk and put it back into competition with nylon which, not so long ago, all but put it out of business.

But in all the hub-bub, the experts never lose sight of the fact that the real decisions will not be made in their laboratories. Andrew Buchanan, Wilmington, Delaware, textile authority, puts it this way: "As always in America, it will be Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public who decide, by their purchases, what kind of fabrics will be made, and neither the sheep nor the silk worm nor the Du Pont Company is going to have much to say about it."

Still in Business

THE LEADING CITIZENS had gathered at a luncheon to pay tribute to one of the city's first businesses, which was celebrating its 75th anniversary, and whose present top executives were the guests of honor.

After an introduction down the line, the master of ceremonies extolled the history and contributions of the firm to the community. He finally pointed out that the many years had proved the soundness of this particular business and the verity of its products.

"Seventy-five years is a long time," he concluded. "Is there anyone else present who represents a firm which has been in existence that long?"

A minister rose quietly, saying, "I have that honor, sir." —*Woolery Digest*

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HOW TO HUNT URANIUM

by VERNON PICK

The man who made a $9,000,000 strike gives some hints to weekend prospectors

PRACTICALLY EVERY DAY of the week I get a letter that goes something like this one:

"Dear Mr. Pick: I read where you found uranium and sold your mine for $9,000,000. Is it difficult to search for uranium? Where should I look? Do you think it is foolish for an amateur to try to find uranium?"

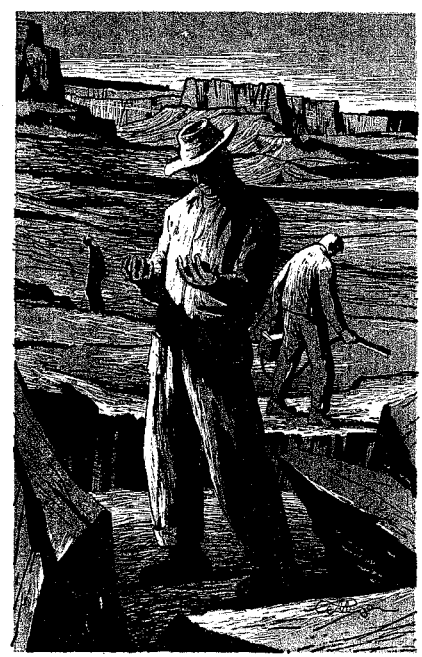
I was the No. 1 greenhorn of them all when I started looking for uranium, so I certainly don't think it's foolish for an amateur to prospect. Few who hunt uranium will find it; but I'll bet everyone who tries will discover a wonderful hobby.

Actually, almost anyone can join the hunt for uranium ore. All you need is imagination, enthusiasm and a Geiger counter. Uranium is a thousand times more plentiful on the earth's surface than gold, and the amateur prospector doesn't need to venture far. There are areas within a short drive of almost any place in the U.S. where you can prospect.

It's only fair to warn would-be prospectors, though, that their chances of finding a rich deposit are pretty slim. But there's always a chance, and everyone is pulling for you to make a strike. The U.S. Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines will test any of your samples.

The government has set a high guaranteed price and there are generous bonus payments, too. Uranium is needed not only for defense but for peacetime power and in medicine and industry. It's the fuel of the future and the person who finds it stands to gain fabulously.

While you are looking for uranium as a "Weekend Forty-Niner" you'll have a fine time. In some ways, prospecting is like fishing. You get into the outdoors and in close touch with the wonders of



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nature. Only it's more exciting to go after a fortune than a fish.

A pharmacist who is also a weekend prospector says his uranium-seeking jaunts have taught him and his sons a lot about the earth on which we live. "It's the best introduction to geology anyone can get," he contends. His sons have prize rock collections, and what they've learned during weekends in the hills shows up in the schoolroom.

"But the best thing is the companionship my boys and I have found on prospecting junkets," he says. "We haven't discovered any uranium deposits yet, but I think we've found some things even more important, like sharing our love for the outdoors and participating together in a small adventure."

That, I believe, is the way the average individual should go prospecting for uranium. This man hasn't quit his job, or gone into debt. He doesn't spend all his time away from his family. And someday—who knows—he might find something that will bring wealth to himself and benefit his country.

So my advice to would-be prospectors is: Go ahead and look for uranium. You'll find it a healthy, invigorating hobby and a fascinating educational experience. But don't risk everything on a uranium safari—unless you are so wealthy you don't have to worry about keeping a job.

"What are my chances—*really?*" an amateur recently asked me.

"As good as mine when I started out," I answered.

Actually, the tenderfoot has some advantages. A geologist may pass up an area because it isn't a "likely" place to find uranium. The amateur may poke around and find something. This is because there's a lot to be learned yet about uranium exploration—and amateurs are helping learn the facts.

For example, the so-called experts didn't give a second glance to a limestone outcrop near Grants, New Mexico. Yet a part-Navajo named Paddy Martinez explored the scorned area and eventually turned up one of the richest finds to date.

Or look at my own case. In 1951, I was operating a small electrical business in Royalton, Minnesota, when a fire put me out of business. Frankly, I was discouraged because the insurance I carried wasn't half enough to cover the loss. I sold my house, bought a trailer and set out with my wife for the West, figuring my training as an electrical engineer would help me get a job in an aircraft plant.

We stopped with some friends in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and it was there I picked up a disease later diagnosed as uranium fever—a burning desire to find the wonder mineral.

I read about uranium prospecting, which was an absorbing fad in the area, then went to Grand Junction where the Raw Materials Division of the Atomic Energy Commission has an office.

"I'm a greenhorn, but I want to prospect for uranium," I told the AEC people.

They gave me some literature to read and told me my chances were pretty small—but to go ahead if I wanted.

I bought a Geiger counter for $80, a bedroll, tent, a prospector's pick, a little camp stove and a five-

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gallon water can. I was in business.

I don't recommend this procedure for most people, but I figured I had nothing to lose. Even at that, I felt rather silly after eight months of prospecting to discover I had only $300 left out of the $5,000 I started with.

I went back for a last try. I had learned a few things and had an idea where to look—along the Muddy River in southeastern Utah.

I was sick from drinking contaminated water and pretty discouraged that night of June 21, 1952, when I decided to bed down. To make things worse, the scintillation counter I was now carrying was behaving peculiarly. It would indicate, and then drop off as though the batteries were low.

I walked into a gully and the reading was higher. I started to climb and the higher I climbed, the higher it read. About 500 feet from the top my counter was clear off scale. I couldn't tell what was where until I realized that the whole ledge was high-grade uranium ore.

I was four days out of Hanksville and pretty sick, but I knew I had to stake a claim. I worked fast.

The next day my feet were so blistered I decided to try a raft down the Muddy. I didn't get too far before the raft smashed into some rocks. The mishap hurt my foot and dumped most of my equipment into the river. I don't yet know how I managed to limp back to the truck I had parked in the middle of nowhere.

I mined the strike myself until the fall of 1954, when I sold it to Floyd Odlum for $9,000,000. I'm still keeping my hand in the uranium business as manager of the mining operation and as a special advisor and research man. I'm telling you all this because it illustrates some of the things I did right, and some of the mistakes I made.

My first step was to read about uranium exploration, and I'd recommend that as a start. The Government Printing Office has for sale two booklets that will give you a good introduction: "Prospecting for Uranium," which costs 55 cents; and "Prospecting with a Counter," 30 cents. There are other publications on sale at book stores; and the U.S. Geological Survey, Washington 25, D.C., has available several free circulars on various phases of uranium exploration.

Your next step is to get a Geiger counter, or a scintillation counter. These are portable devices that measure radioactivity. Uranium advertises its presence by shooting off rays, your counter picks up these rays and then tells you about them on its meter or by sounding off with rapid clicks.

VERNON PICK

You can get a Geiger counter for as little as $35; more sensitive scintillation counters cost from $300 to $3,000. You may also want a prospector's pick, which is small and inexpensive. Good

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shoes are important, and a compass. A complete list of publications, some including maps, can be obtained from the Geological Survey or from private concerns.

It's a good idea to study uranium samples before you set out. These can be obtained at reasonable cost from mineral dealers. Or you can examine samples in museums in most of the larger cities.

For your first fling at prospecting, start some place not too far from where you live. Uranium is not an uncommon element in the earth's crust. You might find it anywhere. Try a nearby state park, for instance, or a national forest or Federal land.

There are many advantages in starting close to home: You don't spend a lot of money unnecessarily; you learn to use your equipment, as well as what to look for and how to go about it.

Then, perhaps, you may decide to spend your vacation looking for uranium. If you do, I'd suggest the West. The Colorado Plateau has many rich deposits of uranium waiting to be found. And though your chances are slim during a short vacation, you'll see scenery that will amaze you; and you'll get a close-up look at the Great Uranium Rush, which is every bit as exciting and dramatic as the Gold Rush of 1849.

If you plan to prospect in a state park, you may have to write in advance for permission. You don't need permission to prospect on most Federal land. In the Western States, 22.5 percent of the total land area is vacant land, open for mineral development. Generally, privately-owned land isn't good prospecting ground because your find probably would belong to the title-owner of the property.

Your best bet is in a somewhat rocky area. Look where other metals have been found, especially lead, zinc, cobalt, copper, silver, nickel, bismuth and vanadium.

Uranium ore is frequently found in pockets or in irregular beds in other rock. Less frequently, it turns up in rich veins. The most favorable places for surface "outcrops" of the ore are in the Colorado Plateau along the rims of canyons, cliffs or ridges where the ore is found in sedimentary rocks such as sandstones, shales and phosphorites.

Your counter is your best friend on a uranium hunt. Treat it accordingly. Don't leave it switched on when not in use. Keep it dry. Don't charge the batteries without following the manufacturer's instructions.

One amateur I know flipped his counter on as soon as he got out of his car and was amazed to hear it click away at a furious rate. "We've found it!" he shouted.

A more experienced prospector with him quietly pointed out that the amateur had packed the counter in the same case as some uranium samples he'd purchased. The counter was contaminated temporarily. So avoid that mistake.

A portable Geiger counter is similar, in a general way, to a small battery-operated radio. It actually is a scientific "dowsing rod." It will tell when you are near radioactive minerals either by clicks, a blinking light or by a needle that swings across a dial.

Even when there is no uranium present, the counter registers a click

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or flash every few seconds. This is the "background count" caused by cosmic rays from outer space and the radioactivity that exists in all rocks.

It is important that you first record the background count for the general area under observation. No count on any deposit is significant until the background count is established.

You do this by taking readings of one to three minutes duration at various times during the day and at different locations. The average of these readings gives a fair indication of the background count.

Once this has been determined, you proceed by walking with your counter over the area you've chosen. At any place where the count speeds up noticeably higher than the background count, make a closer examination to find the exact source of the radioactivity. If your count is three or four times the background count at any place, take a sample of the rock for assay.

There are many professional assayers, besides governmental agencies, who will test your sample and tell you what you've found.

You might as well be warned now: All radioactivity doesn't indicate uranium. Some gasses cause a radioactive reading. Another thing to remember is that all uranium isn't rich enough to be commercial ore.

If you think you have found uranium on Federal land, stake a claim. There are specific directions for staking claims in Circular 1278 of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management.

The procedure most commonly followed is to erect a discovery monument and corner monuments out of rocks, the latter at each of the four corners of your claim. Write a complete description of the claim containing the name or names of the locators and the date of location. Next, record this claim as soon as possible at the nearest county seat. The maximum size of a claim on Federal land is 1,500 feet long and 600 feet wide.

If your find is on state land, check the state laws for procedure to follow. If the find is on someone else's land, consult an attorney.

If your weekend prospecting results in a strike, the rewards are high. But even if you never hit it rich, you'll have had a grand time. So pick up that Geiger counter and start out. And good luck!

Speaking of Measurements

A YOUNG CITY BRIDE taken to meet her husband's parents in the country was impressed by her mother-in-law's delicious molasses cookies and asked the recipe. The older woman enumerated the ingredients, ending with: "Molasses, four gallups."

"Four *what?*" asked the little bride.

"You know, tip the molasses jug till it says 'gallup'—and do it four times."

—*Capper's Weekly*

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Fifty NON-FATTENING Foods

by MADELYN WOOD

IF YOU ARE ONE of the 25,000,000 Americans who, according to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company studies, are overweight, there's good news awaiting you on the shelves of the nation's supermarkets. What you will find there may seem more like the wistful daydreaming of a dieter who has let his imagination run wild than the happy fact that it is.

It means that *reducing* diets can now include the sweets, the desserts, the dressings and sauces, the cookies, the soft drinks and even the candies that heretofore added inches to the waistline. It means that on a diet calling for such foods every day, you can actually lose 12 or more pounds a month.

It means more pleasant eating not only for those who should cut their weight but for the more than 1,000,000 Americans who are known diabetics and for the 60,000 others who join their ranks each year. No wonder many authorities hail it as the greatest nutritional development since the American Medical Association announced that obesity could be ranked along with heart disease and cancer as one of our major health problems.

There is new variety for the many calorie-conscious eaters

What's the catch? There isn't any. Recognizing that millions have tried to diet and failed through being denied familiar foods, food industry researchers have sought and found a brilliant new way to help these people fight the battle of the bulge.

Instead of trying to change the appetites of would-be weight-losers, they've discovered ways to change the food they eat. Without taking away any of their familiar taste appeal or necessary food values they have succeeded in removing large percentages of the fat-producing calories from foods that have always been forbidden to those seeking to lose weight.

With the scientific marvel of turning high-calorie foods into low-calorie ones now an accomplished fact, a whole new industry is springing up with a speed that has startled the food world. Already 200 companies are producing an estimated

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quarter of a billion dollars' worth of reduced-in-calorie foods.

Such chains and store groups as A & P, Safeway, First National, Kroger, Food Fair, IGA and Red and White are adding items to their shelves almost daily as new specialty companies, old-line health food firms and national food producers vie with each other to get new low-calorie taste tempters on the market.

Name almost any kind of food, no matter how fattening it would ordinarily be, and the chances are you'll find it among the new low-calorie items. Puddings, for instance, come in all the familiar flavors—butterscotch, chocolate, vanilla and coconut. The difference is that, instead of having about 170 calories per serving, they're now blessed with as low as 17 calories. Even candy, that fat man's bugaboo, has been de-calorized. For example, Ida May makes a Sta-Trim chocolate-covered marshmallow which is sweet and tasty . . . yet contains only 27 calories.

Chocolate toppings have been reduced to five calories per teaspoon as compared to 36 in the ordinary variety. New gelatin desserts run about 12 calories per serving as compared with 83 for regular gelatin, and with all the values retained.

Salad dressings are another unlikely item which turns up with next to no calories. A typical French dressing has one calorie per tablespoon, compared with 60 in a typical regular brand of the same. One jelly-maker is eliminating over 90 per cent of the calories in his product. Some grape jellies now have one calorie per teaspoon instead of 30.

Even bread has taken its place along with other low-calorie products. New "protein bread" emerges with only 45 calories per slice in place of the usual 65 found in the least fattening whole-wheat breads. Other low-calorie cereal products include chocolate wafers with little more than half the usual hefty caloric count.

One of the most spectacular performers in the non-fattening foods act is the great American soft drink. Here the calorie cut is so great that a beverage that once was about the last item allowed on a weight-losing diet can now be imbibed with complete freedom. It emerges with virtually no calories at all—just three in one 12-ounce bottle of a typical drink, a small fraction of the 60 calories found in a 6-ounce bottle of the ordinary variety.

Why hasn't all this happened sooner? That's the logical question frequently asked by the happily bewildered dieter who discovers all these new food treasures on his supermarket shelves. The answer is that never before were such vast numbers of people weight-conscious enough to make the business of producing food for reducers profitable for large-scale industry.

Typical is the story of Tasti-Diet, the first full-scale line of low-calorie foods sold nationally in chain stores. It began when Tillie Lewis, a fabulous food magnate who built up Flotill Products, a multi-million-dollar California canning enterprise, appeared at her doctor's office with a familiar complaint. She was overweight. The doctor prescribed a diet.

"It wasn't too bad at first," Mrs. Lewis reported afterward, "but

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how I yearned for those rich puddings I loved . . . and tasty salad dressings . . . all the things I couldn't have. How I hated that hungry, empty feeling when I left the table."

What happened to her followed a pattern all too familiar to those who have tried to lose weight. "First thing I knew," she confesses, "I was backsliding—cheating on my diet. But that didn't fool the scales."

Her doctor's reaction when he found she wasn't losing weight was unexpected. "It happens all the time," he said. "Why don't you do something about it?"

Mrs. Lewis was startled. "What could *I* do?"

"Why don't you, with your knowledge of food, and your research laboratories, do something about developing more low-calorie foods that people will *like* to eat."

TILLIE LEWIS KNEW it had been tried, but only on a small scale. She went back to the plant and called a conference of her food technologists. Take the calories out of vital foods? Well, it could be done, perhaps, but it would take time and be expensive, they told her.

Yet when they had completed the job, what had seemed like a personal hobby of the proprietor suddenly became a major part of the Flotill enterprise.

Another branch of the food industry that was taken by surprise by the demand for low-calorie foods was one that is now among the fastest growing of all. Three years ago Hyman Kirsch, president of a big soft drink company in Brooklyn, happened to talk to a doctor and the subject of restricted diets came up. "Lots of my patients are pretty poor customers of yours," the doctor said jokingly.

This jolted Kirsch, and he asked himself why there shouldn't be soft drinks suitable for diabetics and others on special diets. A check with staff doctors of two hospitals convinced him that he would be doing a service to make a sugar-free, salt-free soft drink.

Researchers created the drink, which was christened "No-Cal," and Kirsch prepared for a modest sale of about 100,000 cases a year. To his astonishment, sales mounted to 2,000,000 cases as dieters joyously drank the sodas.

The Hoffman Company, a subsidiary of Pabst Brewing, also received a similar surprise when sales of its Tap-a Cola soared.

Sharing in the new boom is the baking industry, which has always looked upon low-calorie breads, made with "starchless" flours, as being too limited in saleability to fit into the production systems of modern commercial bakeries.

Now, influenced by the demand for a non-fattening bread, the industry has changed its mind. Big international success is Hollywood bread, which has about 46 calories a slice. It is made by over 200 baking companies and sold in 5,000 cities. National Bakers Services, the master company, isn't revealing sales figures, but it reports: "Where we sold thousands of loaves a few years ago, we're now selling millions."

Other bakers like Thomas and Ward Baking Company, with 26 bakeries, also report soaring sales for their protein breads.

The canning industry, too, is

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meeting new demands. For years canners have turned out so-called "water packed" foods which were used mainly by diabetics. Now, however, the average overweight person, as well, is discovering these products. As a result, more than 100 companies are canning some 50 different dietary foods ranging from low-calorie tuna fish to vegetables like corn, lima beans and peas.

"WE LIVE IN HIDING"

Strange experiences and emotions dominate the Gruzenkos who changed identities to escape death in March (Toronto)

The most important factor in making possible this marvel of calorie-reduced foods is the use of sweeteners that taste like sugar but have no calories in themselves. One of these is saccharin, which was accidentally discovered in 1879 by Hans Fahlberg, a graduate student at Johns Hopkins.

At dinner one night, young Fahlberg noticed something odd: the bread and everything else he ate tasted strangely sweet. At first he thought extra sugar had somehow gotten into the food, but upon investigation he found that the sweetness came from a substance which covered his arms.

He hurried back to his laboratory and tasted the contents of all the beakers he had handled until he found the sweet compound that had clung to his skin. What he had discovered was saccharin, a substance about 400 times sweeter than sugar.

Around the turn of the century, a young chemist named John Queeny set up a factory in St. Louis to make saccharin. Thus was born a great American enterprise, the Monsanto Chemical Company.

Saccharin, strangely, is not metabolized by the body. Its only effect is on the taste buds. It enters the stomach, is absorbed by the blood stream and excreted by the kidneys in its original chemical form. It has, therefore, zero calories.

The low-calorie food makers have been helped, too, by the Abbott Laboratories' remarkable newcomer Sucaryl, only 30 times sweeter than sugar and, like saccharin, having no calories at all.

Sold in convenient new packages, the substitutes for sugar are making life easier for dieters who use them to sweeten foods to which they would normally be tempted to add sugar. Both Sucaryl and saccharin are available in liquid, tablet or powder form. They come in shakers, bottles and packages.

An ingenious variation is provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons in its sugarless product called Sweeta. Pressure on the polyethylene plastic squeeze-a-drop bottle releases a drop of Sweeta equivalent in flavor to half a teaspoon of sugar.

Are the new non-fattening foods safe? The answer to that often-asked question is that in themselves they are perfectly harmless. If a person were to use them for too large a percentage of his diet, however, he might not receive adequate nutrition; so the food makers advocate that the diets using low-calorie foods be part of a doctor's recommendations.

The sweeteners which play the biggest part in the reduction of calories have been found harmless

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and foods using saccharin and Sucaryl are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

So, armed with medical approval and reports of soaring sales in supermarkets, the low-calorie food makers are convinced that their booming enterprise is no mere fad. For, heeding the warnings of medical authorities and life insurance companies, millions who never thought much about weight before are recognizing the serious need to reduce. And the manufacturers who are giving them a chance to do it painlessly have hit on a basic discovery that can only gain in popularity.

As one food maker remarks, "After all, we're not just making food that tastes good and doesn't have many calories. We're offering something that's obviously needed —human nature being what it is— a substitute for will power."

Caruso—the Man

ENRICO CARUSO, the famous tenor, did things in grand style. While shopping with a New York lady of his acquaintance he knew was partial to a certain perfume, he steered her into a shop and paralyzed a salesgirl by remarking, "Miss, that perfume—one gallon, please."

AS AN EMPLOYER of governesses and others, Caruso was a kind but firm master. When they asked for references, he gave these willingly. And he often said: "I want a reference from *you* also."

CARUSO WAS GENEROUS. Constantly he reached into his pocket to help friends in need—to help many, in fact, who could lay no claim to possessing his friendship, who might indeed be concealing enmity while accepting his help. But Caruso did not care.

Once, when his wife saw him signing check after check for such persons she remarked: "But surely they can't *all* be deserving."

"No," he agreed. "But how can I know if they deserve it or not."

"A SLICE OF WATERMELON," Caruso used to say in later years of wealth and fame, "was a most useful thing in the early days. With one you could eat, drink and wash your face."

ONE DAY IN BERLIN, a German woman asked Caruso to add his signature to the collection in her autograph album.

"Let me see it," he requested.

She handed him a large album, containing the autographs of many persons, labeled "first among the world's harpists," "first among the mandolinists of Italy," about whom the singer had never heard in his life. He then wrote in the album: "Enrico Caruso, second tenor."

IN ST. PETERSBURG, after Caruso had sung the part of Radames in *Aida*, the rest of the company crowded around him, shaking his hand, patting him on the shoulder, smothering him with praise. He waved them away. "Don't praise me," he said. "Praise Verdi."

—*Caruso The Man of Naples and the Voice of Gold*, T. E. YBARRA, (Harcourt Brace & Co.)

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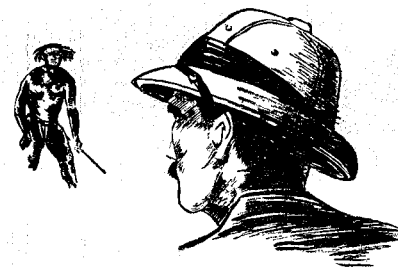
First in the Jungle

by GALEN DRAKE



THE AMERICAN EXPLORER trudging at the head of the long line of natives through the dense, steaming jungle suddenly knew in his heart that he was hopelessly and completely lost. It had been days since he left the last outpost of civilization deep in the Amazon jungle, and since then there had been nothing but the intense heat and the weird sounds of the jungle.

Of only one thing was the explorer certain on this day in the year 1913—he was in a part of Brazil never before explored by a white man. With that realization he experienced the thrill of having scored another "first" for his country and for the sponsor that had outfitted his expedition and sent him plunging into the unknown in search of the fabulous "River of Doubt."

At that moment the native guide at his shoulder uttered a cry that brought the line to a halt. Something or *someone* lay waiting in the thick undergrowth ahead!

As they had done so often, beaters fanned out stealthily to reconnoiter. There was a scuffle in the underbrush and, as if by magic, a frightened-looking Indian was suddenly catapulted forward. Again the explorer exulted. Legends of a tribe of ancient people had come out of South America and here he was, the first to make actual contact with them.

He began in halting pidgin to try to make the native talk. But through every dialect at his command and every gesture of the native guides, the strange man remained silent.

Then, when they despaired of making themselves understood, the Indian brightened, his features split in a broad grin as he pointed to the white man and grunted: "To hell with Yale!"

The explorer gaped in amazement—and chagrin. Unexplored territory? Hardly. He definitely was in River of Doubt country, but another American had been here before him—a Harvard man obviously, with the sense of humor and patience to teach a jungle savage his old college battle cry.

And then the explorer knew, suddenly and with a thrill, that that American was Theodore Roosevelt, who had come to this part of Brazil to see the jungle wilderness after the Presidential campaign of 1912.

Galen Drake stars on his own show on CBS Radio Network, Saturdays 10:05 to 10:55 A.M. EST

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An inventor has brought pleasure and profit to the sightless

New Vista for the Blind

by GREGOR ZIEMER

THE COURTROOM was crowded for two reasons: the defendant, charged with aggravated assault and reckless driving, was a well-known but not so well-liked playboy; and the attorney prosecuting him, popular George Allison, was blind.

Right now, both Allison and his sighted assistant, Martin, were worried. For the case was going against them.

On a blackboard in full view of the jury was a complicated diagram of the accident which had almost cost the life of an elderly woman of the community. Allison had been told by his assistant that the drawing was accurate. He tried to visualize all the details of the diagram in his mind, but it wasn't easy.

The high-priced defense lawyer, using the diagram to help the jury reconstruct the accident, emphasized the facts in favor of his client, disregarded those against him. The prosecutor sensed that the jury was impressed.

The judge declared a recess for lunch. Soberly, Allison prepared to leave the courtroom when a slender young man with thinning brown hair slipped into the seat beside him. "Pardon the intrusion, Mr. Allison," he said quietly, "but I think I have something here you can use."

He placed a 9 by 13 inch slab of wood, covered with a layer of rubber, on the table, and put a sheet of cellophane on top. "I've been watching the defense lawyer play up to the jury with that sketch on the blackboard," he went on. "Here, Mr. Allison, take this pen and draw a line on this cellophane. Press down a little."

The blind man did as directed.

"Now feel it."

The prosecutor ran his fingers over the surface of the cellophane and exclaimed, "Say, what goes on? I draw a line and little dots come up."

"Wouldn't this help in your summation?"

"It certainly would!" almost shouted Allison. "Martin, take this thing—I don't know what it is or why it works—and make me a copy of that diagram on the board."

Painstakingly, Martin reproduced the diagram. The district attorney's eager fingers explored it and his face lighted. "Ah," he muttered, "this clears up several things in my mind. I think we have a chance now. Young man, what's your name?"

"Sewell, sir. Harry Sewell."

"Want to see you after the trial..."

When court reconvened, the pros-

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ecutor asked permission to submit in evidence several raised copies of the diagram. The astonished judge looked them over, pronounced them bona-fide copies and admitted them.

Then, with fingers on the raised sketch while his assistant stood at the blackboard and pointed to the items being enumerated, Allison presented his summary. There was no hesitation in his voice. He spoke as one fully confident.

The jury was out for an hour—and returned with a verdict of "guilty."

Credit for George Allison's courtroom triumph can go to an amazing new device—the Raised Line Drawing Board—which is proving one of the greatest boons to the blind since the invention of Braille. It opens up new vistas to lawyers, engineers, teachers, machinists, artists, electricians, students.

For where the Braille cell, with its various arrangements of six dots, can only reproduce letters, numbers and punctuation marks, this ingenious board can be used for drawing, diagraming, and the actual writing of words, which up until now has been practically impossible for the blind.

Harry Sewell, its inventor, has devoted much of his life to designing and manufacturing aids and devices for the sightless. Back in 1946, he used to meet with a group of young men and women at the American Foundation for the Blind, a non-profit organization on 16th Street in New York City, to discuss various problems of the sightless. They called themselves the "Research Council," and one subject that came up continually was the possibility of somehow developing a raised line that would be more flexible than Braille.

The idea was not new. In the 17th century, a Persian prince is supposed to have invented a wax pencil that made marks which his blind subjects could feel. But the secret of his pencil was lost.

A couple of hundred years later an engineer came up with a spurred wheel to be rolled over paper. It left a line, all right, but on the back of the paper, so that everything had to be made backward for proper reading when the paper was turned over.

A blind member of the Research Council thought that he had hit upon the solution in a pen employing thick ink which, when it dried, left the desired raised line. The trouble was, however, that the ink also dried solid in the barrel of the pen.

Sewell finally hit upon his board by accident. "One of my youngsters had received a present wrapped in cellophane," he recalls. "I picked up the wrapping absent-mindedly and put it in my pocket.

"That evening at a meeting of the Council, I felt the cellophane in my pocket and smoothed it out on top of a piece of rubber that happened to be lying about. Then I began doodling on it with a stylus

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I had designed for something else. To my amazement, a series of raised dots appeared.

"Everybody was pretty excited. We thought at first it was caused by the stylus, a slender steel rod inside a hollow tube, and we all tried to figure out why it caused the dots to raise. Then someone accidentally made a mark on the cellophane with a ballpoint pen. That, too, raised dots, and there it was."

Sewell, for several years, experimented with various arrangements of rubber and cellophane until he had the right combination in a base of Masonite (pressed wood), over which is fastened a thin layer of pure gum rubber. Thin sheets of cellophane are placed on top of this, and writing or drawing is accomplished with a dry ballpoint pen.

Sewell was granted a patent for his Raised Line Drawing Board in 1952, and manufactures them in his small shop on 25th Street in New York. He supplies them practically at cost to the American Foundation for the Blind who distribute them.

What magic makes the little dots come up on the cellophane when the pen is pressed across it? Sewell doesn't really know. The most logical explanation is that when pressure is exerted, the rubber beneath the cellophane is distended. The pressure cannot dissipate downward because of the board beneath, and so it kicks up, raising those miraculous series of little dots that are bringing new opportunities for pleasure and profit to the blind.

Heads at Work

ALTHOUGH HE IS a fairly good golfer, my husband consistently foozled his drive at a hole where a slight gully lay in wait, just over the brow of a hill. One morning as he stepped up to the tee, he remarked to his caddy, "Well, here we go again, right into that gully."

"Not today, sir," the caddy assured him. "That gully has been filled in."

My husband made a beautiful drive and, coming over the top of the hill, found the gully untouched.

"But you said . . ." he began.

"Sure I did," grinned his man-wise caddy. "If you'd known it was there, you woulda gone into it." —MRS. ANGELA BUCHANAN (*Rotarian*)

A MISSISSIPPI VOTER decided to test the gentleman campaigning for the office of sheriff. Late that evening he knocked on the candidate's door and said: "I need a little help. My car went dead. How about giving me a push?"

"Sure," came the answer, and the two men headed for the car.

When they reached it, the owner got in and surprised the would-be sheriff by starting the motor up immediately.

Leaning out of the window, the voter told the startled candidate: "I just wanted to know if you were the kind of man to vote for!"

JAMES KELLER, *Just For Today*. Copyright, 1952, Christophers, Inc. (Doubleday & Co., Inc. Publishers)

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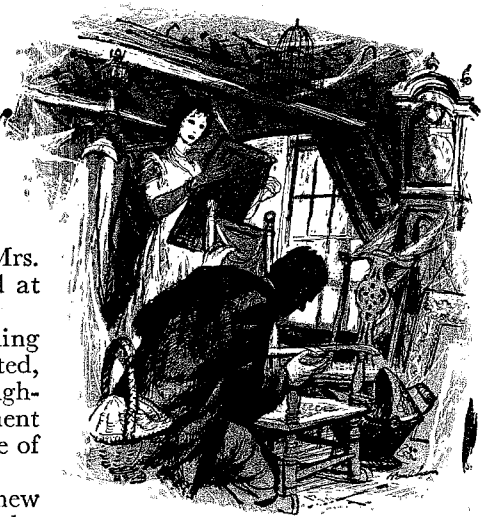
Turning attic "junk" into antique treasure may pay for your vacation

$1,000 for an Old Chair

by HARRY KURSH



"PUT DOWN THAT AXE!" Mrs. Leonard Raemer shrieked at her husband.

"But we don't want this old thing in our new house," he protested, pointing at the dust-covered highboy standing against the basement wall. "It isn't worth the expense of moving."

"*I'll* decide what goes in the new house," Mrs. Raemer said firmly. "Anyway, we can always get rid of it later."

Today, to go with the new house in Connecticut the Raemers have a new car, thanks to a substantial down payment provided through the sale of the "old thing." For in the process of moving, an itinerant antiques dealer appeared and made them an offer for the highboy, which the Raemers had inherited from a deceased aunt.

The same good fortune may be awaiting countless thousands of American families. Hidden away in your own basement, attic, barn or perhaps stored in a forgotten corner, may be furniture worth hundreds or thousands of dollars.

Says Israel Sack, famed New York expert on antique furniture: "Dealers are just beginning to realize how many important antiques have been transported West by migrating families. There was a period when we wouldn't expect to find anything worthwhile outside the Original Thirteen Colonies, but as people moved inland, so did their furniture. These days, it's not startling at all to find a Chippendale or Hepplewhite in Indiana or Minnesota."

Most people who own antiques do not know what they have. Many more priceless antiques would turn up if people did a little investigating about some of the old furniture that has been in their families for years. Community organizations, churches and schools are equally negligent in taking inventory of their furniture possessions.

Recently, just when he thought he had gone completely through a small Massachusetts community on

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an antique-hunting expedition, Sack's curiosity was stirred by an old church. Getting permission to probe around, he found an old table loaded with hymnals gathering cobwebs. Looking under the table, Sack recognized the carpentry technique practiced 300 years ago!

The table was in his showroom a day later, with a price that would make even the most addicted collector flinch when he asked the dealer, "How much?"

How do you recognize a genuine antique piece of furniture?

No one can give an accurate answer. It is a skill acquired only after years of study, observation—and mistakes. Few experts have been able to explain exactly how they do it.

Age alone does not make an antique. The primary factor is artistry—the gift of so few old-time craftsmen that their particular techniques are as good as registered trademarks and the object of much imitation today.

Age became an issue in the '30s when Uncle Sam had to draw the line on items which could enter the country as duty-free authentic antiques. The year 1830 was chosen, for it was approximately then that the machine age replaced durable quality with economic quantity.

At the same time, factories and mass production caused furniture artistry to fade. A few masters continued working 10 or 15 years longer; but with the end of the "antique age," expert pieces became prized family treasures, passing from generation to generation, or were thoughtlessly sold or given away.

Eventually the fine remnants of early furniture craftsmanship were shunted into less obvious corners of the home. These are the pieces for which dealers are now in hot pursuit.

Antique eras in furniture are often referred to by such names as Queen Anne and Victorian. Several styles bear the names of other British rulers and designers. Yet many of the finest specimens were American made.

Greatly responsible for this oddity was the abundant supply of woods available in this country. Also, it was not considered unethical for the American craftsman to borrow from British designs. In fact, customers here often demanded it, expecting the American to add his own touch to make the piece distinctive.

Thus, though a Thomas Seymour sideboard might have English lines, the magnificent inlay was executed with the American's special flawless technique. Seymour, for example, was excruciatingly careful in his choice of marble tops, picking each block personally and then, to be sure the selected piece was the one delivered to his studio, writing his name in red on the underside.

Zeke Liverant, a well-known Connecticut dealer, was making one of his customary house tours some months ago when he noticed an interesting wing chair in a corner. It practically made his heart stop.

Its upholstery was worn, but its lines were clearly those of the Queen

JUDY HOLLIDAY, Hollywood's mad-cap comedienne, reveals a new personality in a sentimental photographic tour of New York's Greenwich Village. Next month in Coronet.

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Anne (1702-1750) era. Realizing how easily he might be wrong, Liverant nevertheless paid $1,250 for the chair. The next day he sold it by phone to a New York dealer for $1,500. Then it was sold for $2,000 to a collector more than happy to write a four-figure check for the antique furniture of her dreams—a real Queen Anne wing armchair.

Reputable dealers do not try to make "killings" on their transactions. Of course, they want to turn a fair profit, which often is little enough for such a venturesome business, but they also share the love of authentic antiques which has lured thousands of Americans to collecting.

The most aggravating concern of big dealers still remains the many families who are unknowingly permitting masterpieces to collect dust instead of dollars.

If you have exiled to the attic any piece of furniture you know has been in the family for years, or perhaps came from a source older than grandpa, take another look at it.

Is it made of ancient-looking pine, maple or mahogany? Is it a highboy with a bonnet top and curved legs that look as if the ends were a claw wrapped around a ball? It may be a Queen Anne or a Chippendale (1740-1780). Is it a straight, upholstered chair with curved-in rear legs and a shield-back? It may be a Hepplewhite (1765-1800).

Is it a block front, a chest-on-chest or a secretary, with a smooth front, broken by large panels, with a carved shell over each block of drawers? It may be a Goddard or a Townsend. Any one of these may be worth a small fortune.

It does not have to be a chair, table or chest. If it is anything that was used to furnish or add to the decor of a house, and if it has been around a long time, even if you just suspect it, an investigation is warranted.

Don't try to judge it yourself. Nor should you rely on the advice or appraisal of a single dealer or collector. Check books and magazines in the library. Even if you do not find data pertaining to your particular object of interest, you will come upon the names and addresses of experts who will readily supply all the information that you need.

Don't hesitate to write to a dealer. They are glad to hear from you. Rest assured that if you have anything important, he or his agent will be at your door by return post. When you write, make sure you:

Describe the piece in detail. Tell the color of the wood, the condition of the upholstery, the way joints are put together. Mention any strange markings or designs you may find in concealed parts.

Tell everything you know about its history. Did it originally come from an old brick house in the Hudson Valley? Was it stored in a New England smoke house that had gone undiscovered for generations? Did it come from the cellar of an old Southern mansion that had just been razed?

Send photostats of any papers that are connected with it. It may be an old delivery receipt still attached to a bottom part. It may be a letter from your great-grandmother telling how she had received it from her own mother after she was married.

Send photographs, if you can. Have

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pictures taken from various angles, top, bottom and sides.

Remember, too, that many museums have experts who may be willing to look over a picture of the piece and render an opinion for you. Frequently, advice and opinions can be obtained from colleges and universities with departments specializing in arts and crafts, design and decoration.

Before you sell, try to get bids from various dealers and collectors. While there is no such thing as a fixed price for any antique, it is axiomatic that you always get the most from the collector or dealer who wants it the most.

Above all, *act!* Don't hesitate to ask dealers to come in to look at the piece. You may not have a thing of value. But it is all in the day's work for a dealer and he writes it off as business expense. You don't owe him any apologies. Then again, the dealer may leave a fat sum in your hands and depart with the thrill of having made another find, thanks to you.

Even if you should decide not to sell, you will at least end up with the satisfaction of knowing that you own an intriguing piece of Americana.

By acting, too, you will be spared the heartbreaking incident that occurred a few years ago in Pennsylvania when a traveling dealer visited a farmhouse. He found nothing of any particular value, but there was so much to see that he bought a few token items for goodwill—and the right to come back again.

It turned out that one of the things he bought—a $3 chair—was worth $1,000 to a museum expert who announced he would take another one like it for another $1,000.

The dealer raced back to the farm. "You know that chair I bought from you the other day?" he asked the farmer's wife.

"Yes."

"Well, I'd like to buy the other like it."

"For three dollars?" the woman asked pointedly.

"Much, much more!" The dealer was beaming.

The farm wife looked at her husband, frowned and said: "There, you see. I told you." Then she turned to the dealer, adding apologetically, "It got cold here yesterday and even though I told him you'd come back to buy the chair like the other one, *he* broke it up for firewood."

The dealer, unable to bring himself to disclose the full story, just shook his head and walked away.

Airlines

THE BEST WAY to open a nightclub is to find a lot of smoke and build a room around it. —JAN MURRAY

WHEN I STARTED out in radio, the Lone Ranger was just a Boy Scout and DUZ was too young to do it. —EDDIE CANTOR

I WISH SOMEONE would tell me why hotel room walls are so thin when you sleep and so thick when you listen. —ARTHUR GODFREY

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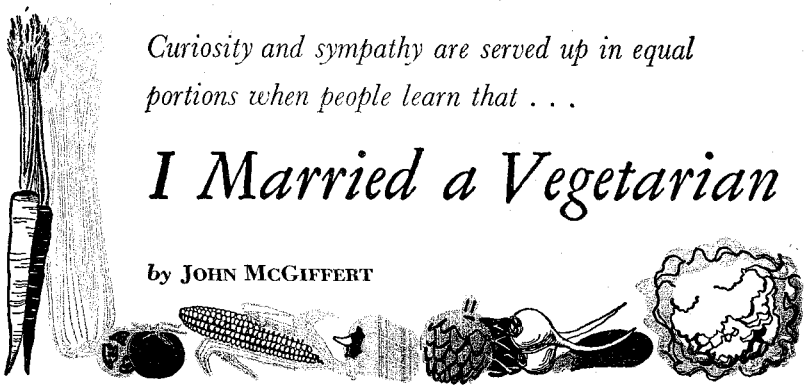

Curiosity and sympathy are served up in equal portions when people learn that . . .

I Married a Vegetarian

by JOHN MCGIFFERT

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME could happen to you. You meet a charming girl—beautiful, intelligent, humorous, understanding. You commit yourself; she appears to care; you set the date. Then you discover the shocking truth: she is a confirmed vegetarian! You, of course, are a confirmed meat-eater.

What's to be done? Should you try to convert her? Impossible. Should she try to convert you? Unwise. Should you call the whole thing off? Unthinkable.

So all I did was marry her. It has been two years now, and we are still on better than adequate terms.

My wife is a non-meat-eater, and I'll thank you to let it go at that and not ask why. I refuse to plunge into the various complexities that a conviction like hers can stem from —complexities that may be hygienic, metaphysical, mystical, emotional or moral. Refusal to eat flesh, fish or fowl is, I believe, a legitimate human attitude; but it is not one of my attitudes. Hence our first two years of marriage have called for more than the usual adjustments.

Once we decided to get married, we made a provisional nutritional contract for a two-year period (the contract has now expired and is up for renewal). "It makes me unhappy to have meat (etc.) in the house," my wife said, "so unless it makes you too unhappy, we will have no meat (etc.) at home. Since you eat lunch out except on weekends, eat whatever you want for lunch. And when we eat together at a restaurant, you can also eat what you want—I think."

This seemed to me a fair arrangement depending slightly, of course, on what our home meals turned out to be. Fortunately, a spiritless plate of unadorned vegetables did not prove to be her idea of a fine meal. She had only the mildest reservations about eggs, on which I dote. She was partial to flavorsome sauces. Her salads were vital with garlic, cheese, avocado, nuts and even raisins. In addition, her entrees were actually stimulating.

My wife, I learned, was a sensitive disher-up of delicacies: of spaghetti and macaronis in all their bewildering varieties, and of rarer

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forms like lasagna, manicotti and especially gnocchi—all with garlic sauce; of artichokes baked with garlic; of mushrooms stuffed with bread crumbs, cheese and garlic; of eggplant in countless combinations, tinged with garlic; and of a sensational lentil soup in which the ingredients cannot be isolated.

True, I occasionally stopped off at the corner delicatessen on my way home and bolted a guilty salami on rye. Once or twice, I pretended to go for a walk in the evening and actually dropped in at the tavern for a quick steak. But these were only the early aberrations.

My day-to-day eating became casual. I ate flesh, fish or fowl for lunch five days a week, and feasted on my wife's exotic cookery in the evenings. I even came to appreciate her favorite dictum: "To cook meat (etc.) is nothing. You stick a hunk of something under a broiler or into an oven. To cook without meat (etc.) calls for imagination and manual labor."

I could not appreciate the favorite reminiscence of one of her more ardent friends: "All one winter we lived on nuts and hay. Just nuts and hay, nothing else. We felt fine."

But, on the whole, our food problem for the past two years has been mild, so long as my wife and I dine at home or in a restaurant. What our friends think she should or might want to eat when we dine at their houses has been a more chronic threat. I recall one alarming evening when a well-meaning woman invited us to dinner with the promise that "the dear girl wouldn't have to worry, because a unique entree would be served for her alone." The unique entree turned out to be one baked white potato and one baked sweet potato, lying side by side, all wrinkled up.

I am happy to say that my wife has never urged me to eat at a restaurant of the strictly vegetarian or "health" variety. Just last week, in fact, she said to me: "You know that 'Verve and Vitality' place downtown? I ate there today. It's nothing but a vegetarian clip joint!"

All in all, I see no reason for not putting our provisional nutritional contract on a permanent basis. I propose to draw up the necessary papers—as soon as I have devised an amendment to cover the one serious dilemma that remains: the midnight snack. It still seems to me that a carton of creamed cottage cheese is mighty cheerless fare for the wee small hours.

Proper Procedure

SOMERSET MAUGHAM escaped with 350 other refugees from the South of France in 1940 on board a small coal ship which was spotted in the Atlantic by an enemy submarine.

"It did not attack us," he says. "But as everybody stood on deck expecting the worst, a very English butler approached the woman I was with and said: 'M'lady, will you have tea now, or wait until the excitement is over?' "

—NEIL BEAUMONT, *Illustrated*, (London)

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I Won't Send My Daughter to COLLEGE

by PROF. HOWARD D. KRAMER

Many American families face the challenging problem of whether their children should continue their education beyond high school. Here is the answer of one couple—both of whom have taught in college—who feel their child should not go to college now or, perhaps, ever.—The Editors.

WHEN MY DAUGHTER graduates from high school, I am going to say to her: "Mary, I don't think you should go on to college."

Not because of the expense, mind you. If Mary entered the century-old university where I teach, I wouldn't have to pay. Tuition is free for my children.

No, I'm asking Mary to stay out because I'm afraid that college, right now, won't do her any good, and may do her definite harm. My wife, who has also taught in universities, agrees.

Our daughter Mary is not blessed with exceptional talents nor is she a problem child. She is a normal, happy, very teachable youngster. But if she attends my university, which prides itself on being the best in the State, who is going to take any pains to teach her? I am sorry to confess that in any course of mine, Mary and her classmates will receive only *half* my attention.

Recently, many tears have been shed for the professor and his sub-standard salary. Perhaps the pity is misplaced. Perhaps it really belongs to the student. For teaching in college has now become a part-time profession.

I know the head of an English department, for example, who earns from $15,000 to $20,000 in work not connected with his university, to supplement his salary of around $6,000. Other professors double their school incomes by serving as consultants to business or government. The head of a mathematics department fills his purse as field representative for a farm association.

These outside demands on our time lead to canceled classes. Office hours for student conferences are cut to the bone. For lack of time to work up fresh material, warmed-over lectures are given, as empty of substance as a popover.

Half-hearted teaching by preoccupied professors is not the only reason Mary won't be adequately repaid for her four years spent at college. The end product, the college

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degree, has been cheapened too.

Until a few years ago, my university only admitted those applicants who had graduated in the upper third of their high-school class. Then we changed the requirement to read that any high-school graduate in the "upper portion" qualified. The standards of university education, as a result, are marching downhill, arm in arm with the descending intelligence level of the student body.

Last year, after the first test I gave, I had a conference with a girl who had failed miserably. She insisted she had studied, so I quizzed her orally. She could give no satisfactory replies, even though my questions became easier and easier.

Finally, so she could score one correct answer, I asked, "Who was the founder of Christianity?"

She took her time, then said inquiringly, "Was it Plato?"

"Oh, no!" I burst out. "You know better than that!"

"Well," she said, "I know it was one of those Romans."

As a sample of the competition your child and our Mary will encounter in college, it gives pause for reflection, doesn't it?

When we had an alarming number of failures last year, we called an emergency meeting of the department to consider the problem. We decided to cut down on the required outside reading because most of the students didn't read the assignments anyway, and many who did couldn't understand what they had read!

There is no more heartwarming sight than the enthusiasm with which an eager, alert freshman tackles his first class assignment. His ardor soon burns itself out when the instruction is geared to a level too low to hold his interest.

In my freshman class are three or four girls—nice, well-mannered, likable youngsters—who to me represent what Mary will be like at college age. Because college presents no real intellectual challenge to them, these girls have become more skilled at loafing than at studying.

Whenever I drop into the Student Union, I see them sipping coffee, or playing cards, or sprawled out in front of the television set. When I go to the library, not a sign of them. The tragedy is that they can get away with it and still chalk up creditable grades.

One of them told me quite frankly, "In high school I was warned that I'd have to work hard when I went to college, that the competition would be stiff. College *does* require a bit more work, but it isn't nearly as difficult as I thought it was going to be."

College should be more than just a continuation of high school. If Mary goes, we're afraid that she, too, will idle away four years, learning only what is necessary to get by.

It is said that, in general, today's children are bigger, healthier and smarter. Fine. They'll need all this to handle the complexities of our troubled world. But I don't think we are doing them a service by putting off, until the age of 21 or 22, working these better minds to capacity. Nor do I see any virtue in waiting so long before asking them to assume responsibilities or to get some work experience.

There is much to recommend the old-style upbringing, where a child was given some chores as soon as

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he could toddle, and on reaching Mary's age was called upon for a full day's labor. My wife, who was raised on a farm, is as much convinced of this as I am.

With Mary nearing college age, the problem takes on a new urgency for us. And after careful thought we have decided that she should get a job after she finishes high school, instead of entering the university.

Some of my colleagues are horrified. They say, "Don't you want her to have a college education?"

That is a matter for Mary to decide—after she has spent a year or two in the business world. Then if she does choose to go, we feel certain that she will be better prepared to get the most out of what college can offer.

Teachers look back with pleasure on the years the World War II veterans filled our classrooms. We never had better students. They brought into class better comprehension and a wide background of experience. They were interested in learning, and worked vigorously at their studies.

Their incentive came from their out-of-school experience and the added maturity of a year or two. And college paid off for them.

One of the most difficult tasks of a professor is to make teen-agers see the practical value of a good liberal education. "What's the use of learning that?" they keep saying.

Mary won't need to ask that question after rubbing elbows with fellow employees in the workaday world. She'll know why it is valuable to her. Nor, with added maturity, will she need any detailed blueprint to help her separate the significant from the unimportant.

The other day a freshman girl said to me, "I'd like to ask more questions in class, but to tell you the truth I'm afraid my questions will seem silly compared to those asked by the older students."

"You've studied the same material," I pointed out.

"Yes, but they know what is important."

How true!

If Mary knew what career she wanted to follow, such as teaching or nursing, we would encourage her to start her training at once, so she wouldn't lose any time. But she doesn't know. And since she doesn't, is college the best place to find out?

My university is the third school attended by Gloria F., a brilliant but restless student. The other day she told me that she had now decided to be a social worker. A year ago she was going to be a journalist. If she were my daughter, I would say to her:

"Let's make sure. Drop college and get a job with a social agency, even if you have to hire out as a general flunkey. Do this before you change your study program and waste more time and money."

This is a common story: the student who in his third or fourth year shifts his educational goal. The new requirements usually add another year or two of college before the degree is reached.

I have found that the mature

"IF I HAD FIVE WISHES"
by Ed Sullivan
What would this top columnist and TV personality ask for? The answer will surprise you—and start you thinking. In March Coronet.

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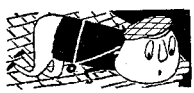
student with work experience has a well-defined educational goal. He is sure he needs this schooling that he is buying with his hard-earned dollars and is determined to get his money's worth. Should Mary decide to go to college, this is another gain that will result from her having worked.

Actually, we are *not* decreasing Mary's chances of getting a degree. Two recent studies show that a larger percentage of students who have had to interrupt their education have finished college than those who went there directly from high school.

Although both my wife and I have advanced degrees, we won't be disappointed if Mary never becomes a graduate. One of our best friends, a woman novelist, never went beyond high school. Many cultured and intelligent women in our circle never received a degree.

We feel sure that in future years, Mary will agree that our decision not to send her to college after high school worked out to her advantage. Perhaps she will even be able to repeat what Ilka Chase, well-known novelist and actress, said at our university alumni dinner.

"I'm always happy to be invited to these affairs," she explained, "as I have never been able to get to college except as a speaker."



Trapped on the Roof

IT WAS BITTER COLD that Sunday evening when watchman Joe stepped out onto the roof of the high office building to check on a loose cornice. Suddenly the heavy metal door slammed shut behind him. Though he pulled with all his might, the door would not budge. Locked out!

Joe frowned. He was wearing only a leather jacket and the thermometer was plummeting toward zero. Now what?

Joe went to the edge of the roof and gazed down, worried. Heavily clothed pedestrians walked briskly along the sidewalks below. Taxis honked.

The watchman did not even bother to shout. Between the roar of traffic and the distance to the street, no one could possibly hear him.

On all sides loomed empty office buildings, their windows dark. There was only one apartment house, about a block away. Joe could see people in some of the apartments that were lighted.

By now he was chilled to the bone. A few more hours on the roof and he might freeze to death. He swung his arms and hopped up and down as he tried to figure a way to get help.

Just then he spotted a woman watching him from one of the windows of the apartment house. Joe cupped his hands and yelled, but the woman just kept on watching him. Joe made all kinds of gestures to show he needed help. Still the woman made no move.

By now Joe felt the cold creeping deep into his bones. There was little time. The woman was his only hope. He had to get her to send for help. But how?

If you were in the watchman's fix, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

—LOUIS WOLFE

(Solution on page 154.)

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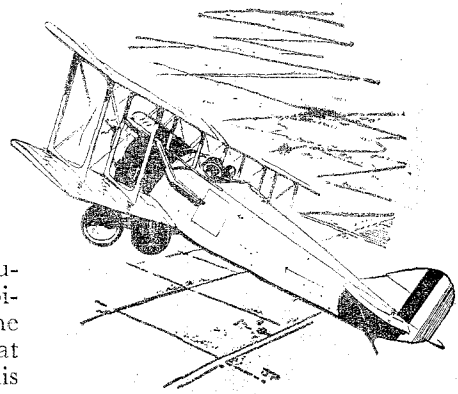
Scientists are probing the mystery of a strange and powerful wind that girdles our globe

Jet Stream in the Sky



by REED MILLARD

ONE FALL DAY in 1918, Maj. Rudolph Schroeder, chief test pilot for the Technical Section of the air service, climbed into a plane at Dayton, Ohio. With a wave of his hand from the open cockpit, he sent the plane racing down the field and started aloft for a strange adventure in the wild blue yonder.

Far out from the field, Maj. Schroeder kept forcing his plane higher and higher, finally leveling off when its engine protested in the rare atmosphere at 28,900 feet.

At this altitude, the Major was delighted to discover that he was making excellent speed; but he had the uneasy feeling that something was wrong. As he studied the earth far below him, his sense of puzzlement grew. Things didn't look right.

When Schroeder finally landed, he knew that he had encountered an aerial mystery. For, though he had been flying *west* for two hours, he had come to earth 200 miles *east* of his starting point!

When he told his story, both fliers and meteorologists tapped their heads. Perhaps the lack of oxygen at the high altitude had befuddled him, they suggested. Or he had been flying in a different direction than he had thought. But Maj. Schroeder insisted that up there around 30,000 feet, there must have been a strange and powerful windstream.

Later, when Schroeder became the first man to climb to 38,180 feet, he came back from this epochal flight with the same bizarre story. High in the sky he had again found a wind powerful enough to carry his plane backwards. This time he actually measured the jet stream and found it to be blowing at better than 200 miles an hour!

The experts continued to scoff. Meteorologists said they did not see how there could be such powerful winds so high above the earth. Fliers who reached high altitudes

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at other points reported no such encounters. So it went for a quarter of a century, until the story Schroeder had brought back from his pioneering flights was half-forgotten.

Then, as bombers began to roar over Germany in World War II, strange reports came in from baffled pilots. Although they were flying with engines far more powerful than Schroeder's some mysterious force was pushing them off course. This time the observations were not those of isolated pilots but of whole squadrons.

There was, for instance, the mass flight of bombers which took off one night in March, 1944. The target was Berlin, but all carefully made calculations went wrong. The planes ended up deep in southern Germany, hundreds of miles from their destination.

That same year, crews of B-29s bound from the newly captured Marianas to Japan came back with even more puzzling reports. Flying at almost 300 miles an hour, their planes actually stood still in the air! Yet when they turned around, their speed suddenly jerked upward hundreds of miles faster than their planes were capable of doing. The weird slowdown cut into fuel reserves forcing many planes to jettison bombs and turn homeward long before reaching Japan.

Grimly, General Curtis LeMay ordered the bombers to forget about the danger of anti-aircraft fire and go in at low levels to avoid the mysterious wind. On the return journey they could climb up and catch the swift ride back to their bases.

After the war, the meteorologists themselves began to get more startling evidence that something odd was going on in the sky. Radio-carrying balloons, now greatly improved and able to reach higher altitudes, started behaving in a fantastic manner. For the first 15,000 feet they would float quietly aloft. Then they would sometimes go crazy and whisk off horizontally as if jerked by an invisible hand.

Ground observers could only listen incredulously as they heard the evidence come clicking in from the balloons. Calculations based on the automatically sent radio messages showed they were traveling at incredible speeds—200 . . . 250 . . . sometimes more than 300 miles an hour.

What did it mean? The weather experts confessed that no theory they had ever developed accounted for these mad winds in the heavens. Here, in the region where they had always believed planes would realize the old dream of flying "above the weather," there just did not seem to be any way to account for violent currents.

Finally, after studying all the scattered reports from fliers and weathermen, scientists had an answer. These winds weren't crazy, unrelated gusts. They were mighty, incredibly powerful, streams of air girdling the globe and occasionally joining to form one mighty river of air, which weathermen christened the "Jet Stream."

The news sent excitement through the world of science. But although convincing evidence had been found that there was a phantom river in the skies, it still had to be mapped with far more exactness.

Above the Pacific Coast, above Washington, D. C., Newfoundland and England, radio-carrying bal-

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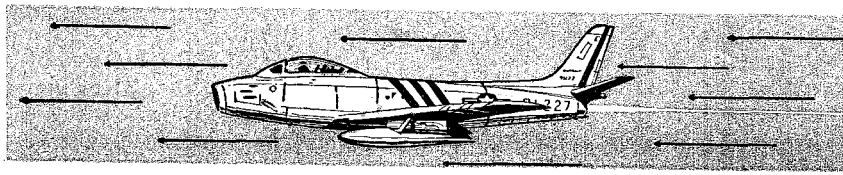

loons went aloft and clicked back their messages. U. S. Navy planes took off on frequent flights from Patuxent, Maryland. From airline and Army pilots winging their way over the oceans came more facts about strange winds that either helped them or slowed them down. At last, after years of study, scientists were able to give a startlingly clear picture of the invisible river in the sky.

As it shows up in the black and white swirls of a high-altitude weather map, it flows in a mighty torrent, sometimes a full 300 miles wide, twisting and turning in a great band around the earth. Pick it up over the Atlantic and follow its course and you see it pouring across the Continent over Germany, Poland, Russia, tumbling against the high Himalayas, racing on across China, across Japan and then out over the Pacific.

Hitting the U. S. above northern California and southern Oregon, it leapfrogs the high Sierras and the Rockies, surges on over the Plains States, across Illinois and Ohio and the Alleghanies, turns northward across the Atlantic, and thence back to northern Europe to begin again its ceaseless circling of the planet.

The Jet Stream does not follow a set course. Not only does it twist and turn, writhing about in tortured contortions that sometimes make it loop back on itself, but it shifts its whole position. The seasons seem to have little effect on its course. In summer and in winter it has been found north of the Arctic Circle as well as south into the tropics.

Sometimes it dips earthward as low as 10,000 feet. Its width varies, too, from perhaps 300 miles to something less than 100. Its full violent current, however, is swiftest in a 25- to 50-mile band at its center, just as the current of a river is most powerful there.

Recent observations have shown that another strange stream girdles the globe in the Southern Hemisphere, passing over New Zealand, part of Australia, South America and South Africa.

AN IMPORTANT STEP toward putting the Jet Stream to work for aviation came on the bitter cold dawn of January 31, 1951, when Capt. Charles F. Blair, Jr., an airline pilot on leave, took off from Idlewild Field in a souped-up World War II Mustang. His purpose was to use the invisible river of air for an ocean crossing.

When he passed Gander Airport in Newfoundland, two hours and 40 minutes out of New York, he learned that he had somehow missed the Jet Stream. Weathermen gave him a course to hit it somewhere over the Atlantic.

Hardly more than an hour later over Ocean Station G, a Coast Guard weathership, he heard good

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news. The radar operator on the ship had been carefully tracking his plane and reported with astonishment that the Mustang was hitting better than 600 miles an hour!

Blair was riding right in the middle of the stream, going 225 miles an hour faster than his plane's air speed. Just seven hours and 48 minutes from the time he took off at Idlewild, his wheels touched down at London Airport. Though he had ridden the Jet Stream only part way, his comparatively slow plane had broken the record for trans-Atlantic flights with an average speed of 7½ miles per minute for 3,479 miles.

Already one major airline has put its planes aboard the magic air carpet. As soon as the dramatic news confirmed the existence of the rushing river of air, Sid Serebreny, Pan-American meteorologist who had been studying the Jet Stream, proposed making use of it for long Pacific flights.

Company officials and pilots alike were skeptical at first. Cautiously they tried it a few times without passengers. Then in November, 1952, a passenger-carrying Stratocruiser took off from Tokyo. Eleven hours and 30 minutes later it came down at Honolulu. It had made the longest non-stop airliner flight in history, 3,908 miles, in seven hours less than the previous schedule.

In 1954, Capt. John Kelly, piloting a similar passenger plane, made an even faster run on the stream to establish a record of 9 hours and 18 minutes on a flight that took 18 hours for the same plane when it had to make its own way. No wonder airline officials say jubilantly, "Jet Stream flying will soon be routine."

Yet while the airlines eye the stream and make plans for using it in the coming age of jet plane travel, our military planners are studying it with the concern of men who have discovered a new menace in modern warfare's frightful arsenal. Reports coming from behind the Iron Curtain indicate that the Russians look upon the Jet Stream as a secret weapon, one with far greater advantage to them than to us.

Since any Russian air attack on the U. S. is almost certain to be a surprise, the Reds will be able to wait until the route of the Jet Stream coincides with the most direct route from their northern bases to targets in the U. S., thus taking advantage of the Jet Stream's added impetus to increase their range and bomb load.

The Pentagon has not forgotten that during World War II, the Japanese, with only a vague knowledge of the high blowing winds, sent incendiary balloons floating deep into our Western States.

New discoveries are proving that the Jet Stream is far more than simply a powerful new factor in aviation. As they pored over their maps, weathermen were struck by the fact that somehow the speed and course of the stream high aloft is tied up to weather on the earth's surface.

Here, they feel, they may have a lead to the solution to weather mysteries. What makes the great sweeping air masses called cyclones move across the earth the way they do? What determines their course? Why do they move so fast?

There just weren't any answers

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until weathermen learned the Jet Stream was there, and started tying up its activities with what went on at the earth's surface. They would note a change in the course of the stream far out over the Pacific; and, just like that, an air mass rolling down from the Arctic would change its course and soon rain would lash the West Coast, winds rip across the plains. They would see another change in the Jet Stream—and in a few days East Coast residents would be suffering one of their record heat waves.

After hundreds of checks, it became clear that these phenomena were not accidents. "The Jet Stream," reports the Extended Weather Forecast section, "is now frequently associated with the birth and intensification of cyclones (storms) and anticyclones (fair weather areas) across the weather map."

Don't ask the meteorologists just how it works—they don't know yet. But they are already taking steps to apply their discovery, for they feel that the jet stream can be tremendously useful in forecasting. After all, if the Jet Stream is a master control, it is only logical to concentrate on studying a force that does the triggering, rather than on the air masses it controls. Scientists feel that here at last they have one of the real keys to their old dream of being able to forecast the weather with 100 per cent accuracy, a week, six months, perhaps even years in advance.

You Can't Afford to Miss

"NEW WAYS TO SAVE ON YOUR INCOME TAX"

In Coronet Next Month

There have been many important changes in the 1954 tax laws—changes which may save hundreds of dollars for you and your family. But because the new laws are so complex, you will have to be particularly alert not to overlook any of the revisions that may apply to you.

In the March issue of Coronet, you will find a clear, concise explanation of the many *new* ways you can save on your taxes.

For instance, in 1954 if you . . .

. . . paid for anything in installments
. . . were sick
. . . supported your parents, fully or partly
. . . used your car in your work . . .
. . . there's a good chance you qualify

for *new* dollar-saving deductions, in addition to those you enjoyed under the old law.

These are only a few of the many tax savings to be explained in Coronet next month.

This is an article that you *can't afford* to miss.

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The rough and tumble Old West may be gone, but Indiana's Pete Anthony faces danger every day

Want to Be a SHERIFF?

by CHARLES W. WHITE

ONE DAY a local attorney walked into the Delaware County, Indiana, sheriff's office with a divorce case summons to be served.

"This is urgent," he told Sheriff W. Pete Anthony. "The defendant, we understand, is in this rooming house on Jefferson Street. We want personal service on him if possible. Read it to him, and write your return on it so he can't deny it in court. He skipped out on us the last time."

"He did, did he?" said Anthony quizzically, nipping the tip from a fresh cigar. "That's too bad. Well —I'll do my best for you, Ralph."

The sheriff put on his broad-brimmed, $20 Stetson hat (which he wears "so they can distinguish me from a civilian"—and which is good political advertising, too) and when he arrived at the address, the defendant, probably recognizing the hat, ran out a back door and climbed over a board fence.

Sheriff Anthony, who is 50 and weighs 195 pounds, went over the fence after him and pursued the man for half a mile. The gap between them was widening, when suddenly the fugitive ducked into a parked taxi. The sheriff came up puffing and jumped in after him.

"Driver, take us to the county jail," Pete ordered.

That's where the summons was duly and legally read; and, by way of afterthought, Pete booked the defendant for unlawful flight.

As sheriff of Delaware County, Pete Anthony—his real first name, hardly ever used, is Wilbur—wears an impressive Colt .38 wherever he goes on his completely unpredictable job. He could have fired in the air to stop the fleeing divorce defendant, but he didn't.

Although he has been pushed, kicked, knocked down and even bitten while serving as a law enforcement officer (he hasn't been shot at, so far) he's proud of the fact that the Colt has never been out of its holster.

One afternoon, Pete was given an unusual court order to serve on a farmer. A gas pipeline running across the man's farm was leaking dangerously and he had refused workmen permission to make repairs.

"Get off my place. Nobody's coming on my land," the farmer said when the sheriff read him the paper.

Pete didn't move. The man went

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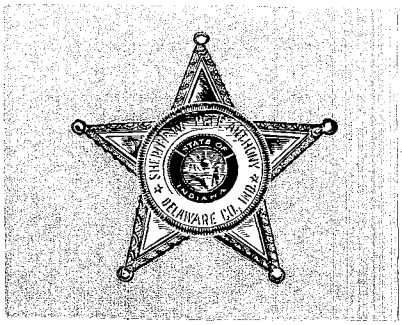

to an automobile and got out a heavy deer rifle. Pete, following close, grabbed the barrel and twisted the gun out of his hands, then brought him in to jail and immediately booked him for drawing a deadly weapon. The rifle contained nine shells.

During a bitter factory strike he was shoved and cursed by pickets as he escorted a truck out of the plant. A former factory worker himself, he made no arrests.

"I figure the best way to keep the peace is not to take them in," he explains. "Up to a certain point, where a man can take care of himself, I don't think it's necessary."

Sheriff Anthony is a constitutionally elected and independent officer serving two county courts and occasionally city police court. His jurisdiction includes the City of Muncie, with some 58,000 population, and about 40,000 rural residents as well.

A major part of his work, and that of his three full-time deputies, involves serving legal papers, handling sheriff's sales, evictions and the like. Under Indiana law, he has turned in more than $150,000 in tardy state income-tax collections.

That's a long way from Wild West movie portrayals of the leather-necked, rip-roaring officer of the law. Yet Pete Anthony faces danger every day of the week, including Sundays. In all this he is typical of more than 3,000 U. S. sheriffs who hold what is undoubtedly one of the least understood jobs in public life.

To be a good sheriff, you need a sort of split personality; and more than anything else, probably, you need a reliable sense of humor. Sheriff Anthony is continually whipsawed between his capacities as court official, crime fighter, guardian of public safety—and, of course, everybody's advisor and friend.

He has two offices, one at the courthouse and one at the jail. On a typical morning down at the jail the sheriff was having quite a time. He'd been up late the night before, chasing chicken thieves and checking on a bad auto crash, and was trying to get some entries made in his daily log book before going over to Circuit Court with a prisoner accused of armed robbery.

The telephone rang.

"You say your car hit a boy on a bicycle?" Pete's voice became consolingly patient, almost meek. "Now, what's your name again, ma'am, and the boy's name?" It developed that the boy wasn't hurt. "I'd be sure to take him to a doctor, anyway," Pete advised.

The phone rang again. Sounds of mournful, hillbilly singing came from off in the jail somewhere. (Men, women, juveniles and insane patients from both city and county are kept at the jail, which is badly overcrowded.)

The high-ceilinged jail office has

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worn board floors, and walls painted gray. There are two battered cane settees, a cot for the night turnkey. On one wall of the room are the inevitable FBI "WANTED" posters, hundreds of them prominently displayed.

Pete's pretty 21-year-old daughter, Wanita Spence, came in with his baby granddaughter in her arms, and the sheriff took two minutes out for chin-chucking. Then the phone rang again.

"You say she's under your porch?" Pete asked. A long pause while he began to smile privately. "Can't you scare her away? She's having pups, you say? No, the city dog pound won't come out there . . . No, I wouldn't want to shoot her, ma'am, it's a shame to kill a dog . . ."

PETE ANTHONY

It was finally agreed that a deputy would drive out later and check. The phone rang again, this time with urgent word from Circuit Court to hurry up with that robbery defendant.

A typical day for the sheriff starts at seven when he gets up and shaves at the jail residence. If he has to make a trip out of town—delivering a prisoner to the penitentiary or perhaps escorting an insane person to one of the state's hospitals—he'll be up at four. Wanita gets him a man-sized breakfast. Going to work, he merely walks through a breezeway between the official residence and the jail.

His first job is to check the jail register and go over the night's events with the turnkey on duty. If there have been no serious troubles —fights, escape attempts, complaints—Pete goes over to the courthouse a block away. The minute he gets off the balky third-floor elevator, they're after him with papers to sign. There are always people to see. It's good Pete likes people.

"They seem to think I'm their lawyer—want to tell me all their troubles," he said one day after he'd spent an hour with a judgment debtor, trying to unscramble the man's bills. "I've had to quit listening so much, especially in these family fights. For many years I used to know just about when every divorce case was going to be filed, and who the defendant was playing around with."

Pete has lunch at the jail where he gets about the same chow as the prisoners. He's glad to get away from work at 4:30, when he drives out to a small farm he owns and relaxes until time to get back for supper. After six o'clock, especially week-ends, things start popping all over the county: accidents, complaints, fights, sometimes killings. He rarely retires before midnight.

This sort of life, though not unusual for any sheriff, leaves marks on a man; and Pete Anthony walks with a cane now, result of an auto crash in Kentucky which occurred, through no fault of his own, while he was driving to Tennessee to pick up a mental patient.

Another time, Pete and a deputy were after a demented youth who'd

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tried to set a house afire and slashed his own wrists. The boy had slugged Pete once before. He ran, and Pete caught him with a flying tackle. The boy bit Pete's arm as the sheriff was snapping handcuffs on him.

"We got him to town all right, but rolling around in a cinder driveway with him sure ruined a new suit for me," Pete recalls.

Sheriff Anthony lives rent-free at the jail residence and draws a salary, car mileage and various legal allowances amounting in all to about $8,500 a year. His sister is on the payroll as jail matron, her husband is chief turnkey, and his son-in-law is also a turnkey—a rather common arrangement among sheriffs, and frequently criticized. The total family income in Pete Anthony's case is about $15,000 a year.

By arrangement with the county commissioners, Anthony pays for and maintains three high-powered automobiles equipped with two-way radio. Since he took office January 1, 1948, this deal has cost him approximately $21,000.

Born of a pioneer farm family, after graduation from a country high school Pete worked in a Muncie factory, from assembly line to foreman. Then he turned to auctioneering which, he says, widened his acquaintance among farmers and helped him become sheriff.

Pete belongs to civic organizations and is a church member. He wears a large Scottish Rite ring. "On my left hand," he explains. "I punch with my right."

If it weren't for Pete's Hoosier grin he'd look almost owlish in his heavy dark-rimmed glasses and executive-style crew haircut. Yet he's basically a true outdoor man whose favorite sport is hunting rabbits.

He was divorced several years ago and, as a jailer who's something of a prisoner himself at the jail residence, he lives what could be considered a barren home life.

Pete Anthony seems contented with his lot, nevertheless. This is perhaps because he is deeply involved, emotionally, in a fight against something he has always hated: crime, cheaters and rackets, particularly gambling.

MUNCIE AND DELAWARE County were wide open when Pete took office. You'd virtually wade in "tip book" tickets in any cigar store or bar—always evidence of lucrative, protected gambling. Crooked roadhouses and after-hours liquor joints flourished. There were knifings, shootings, murders. In the city's lodges and clubrooms there was the constant noise of slot machines.

"The folks here want things that way. They like a sporty town," more than one police official said.

Pete didn't believe this, and risked his political future on a personal fight against gambling—*all* gambling. In raid after raid he cleaned out crime dens, smashing slot machines and crap tables. He ordered traditional games of chance stopped at the county fair, told influential Muncie lodges to get rid of their slot machines.

"Don't just turn 'em to the wall, get 'em out of the county," he ordered.

A howl went up, but the slot machines disappeared. Muncie's gambling king left town. Tip book operators folded.

The cleanup wasn't easy, how-

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ever. Time after time Pete and his deputies (he'd signed up 42 volunteer spotters, blanketing the county) would close a clip joint only to have their court case knocked out on a technicality. Witnesses would vanish after repeated trial postponements.

Pete continued fighting. He arrested patrons of illegal night spots as well as owners. This brought about a crisis when, one Sunday night, he raided an incorporated "charitable" organization which was devoted to the gentle game of bingo "for the benefit of underprivileged children."

Players were hustled to jail, including 15 housewives who had to spend the night behind bars when Pete refused to accept their bonds. The ladies complained energetically, as did husbands and families; but Prosecutor Bernell Mitchell and local newspapers stood by the sheriff. Phony bingo clubs soon quit business.

"I figure it this way," Anthony says regarding the political dangers of law enforcement. "You lose some votes, sure. But the law-abiding people are in the majority. For every vote you lose by enforcing the law, you win maybe a hundred."

Where Muncie is concerned, it appears that Sheriff Anthony may be correct in his appraisal of the political situation. He has been elected three times in a row, each time with a larger majority.

"The reason," says a local editor, "is that Pete Anthony has done his job outstandingly well. This county is no longer a healthy place for law violators."

When you stop to consider the dangers, exertions and headaches involved in a sheriff's life you might wonder why there are always plenty of candidates for the job. Probably it's because there are—fortunately for the rest of us—lots of men like Pete Anthony who like the work, enjoy its prestige and, above all, find the whims and misadventures of the human race endlessly fascinating.

One dark night, on his way to check a rural filling station burglary, Sheriff Anthony was confronted by the headlights of a car parked in the middle of the road, the motor running. It could have meant anything, perhaps a flat tire, perhaps a holdup.

Pete stopped and got out of his car, ready for trouble.

"What's the matter, mister?" he said.

"I sneezed, shuriff," a voice drawled. "And when I sneezed, my dawgone false teeth went out the window. I can't find 'em nowheres."

Using his official flashlight, Pete found them. He got a kick out of entering that one in the log book.

Fact-Titious or Fictitious?

(Answers to quiz on page 77)

1. a; 2. a; 3. a; 4. b; 5. b; 6. b; 7. a; 8. a; 9. b; 10. b; 11. b; 12. a; 13. b; 14. a; 15. a; 16. b; 17. a; 18. b; 19. a; 20. a; 21. b; 22. a; 23. a; 24. b; 25. b; 26. a; 27. a; 28. a; 29. b; 30. a; 31. a; 32. a; 33. b; 34. a; 35. a.

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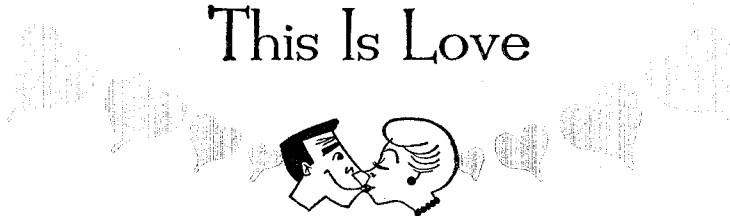
This Is Love



HOWEVER DULL a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it. —MADAME FEE

SO LONG AS we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable. —R. L. STEVENSON

IT IS A GLORIOUS privilege to live, to know, to act, to listen, to behold, to love. To look up at the blue summer sky; to see the sun sink slowly beyond the line of the horizon; to watch the worlds come twinkling into view, first one by one, and the myriads that no man can count, and lo! the universe is white with them; and you and I are here. —MARCO MARROW

I LOVE YOU for what you are, but I love you yet more for what you are going to be.

I love you not so much for your realities as for your ideals. I pray for your desires that they may be great, rather than for your satisfactions, which may be so hazardously little.

A satisfied flower is one whose petals are about to fall. The most beautiful rose is one hardly more than a bud wherein the pangs and ecstasies of desire are working for larger and finer growth.

Not always shall you be what you are now. You are going forward toward something great. I am on the way with you and therefore I love you. —CARL SANDBURG

TO LOVE and win is the best thing; to love and lose the next best.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

LOVE IS THE RIVER of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain.

Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER

MEN ALWAYS want to be a woman's first love—women like to be a man's last romance. —OSCAR WILDE

WE ARE ALL born for love; it is the principle of existence and its only end. —BENJAMIN DISRAELI

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Money Grows on Trees

by FRANKLIN BRADFORD

Small landowners throughout the U. S. are learning to operate successful timber farms

TREE FARMING is a booming business that is bringing new opportunity to the doorsteps of some 4,250,000 small landowners.

Last year, farm woodlot owners, who hold 57 per cent of the nation's forestland, sold $700,000,000 worth of sawlogs, pulpwood, posts, turpentine, Christmas trees, maple sugar and other forest products, or the equivalent of the country's entire truck-garden crop for 12 months.

Because wood is now used in more than 6,000 items, many of them necessities in the American way of life, the growing of trees takes on economic significance undreamed of a few years ago. Even "weed," such as the gnarled mesquite of the Southwest, may soon be used as fiber material.

Through the American Tree Farm System, small landowners are being encouraged to grow trees as a crop, not only to improve family income but to help provide raw material for new products constantly emerging from the chemists' test tubes.

The ATFS is a program sponsored by the wood-using industries to encourage the growing of trees as a crop, and is administered through the American Forest Products Industries, Inc. Under it, the landowner must meet and maintain certain standards of forest management. For those who do this, profits from the tree farm hold the greatest possibilities.

Anyone who owns or controls woodland can get into the business. If there is already a start of timber, nature will help with the reseeding problem; or seedlings can be obtained from industry or state nurseries. And technically trained foresters, of which there are some 15,000, are available for advice.

A shopworker who became interested in tree farming bought two small tracts of land and started a planting program. He built a small nursery in his backyard and raised his own seedlings. In ten years, he has planted 37,500 young trees.

To make his hobby more interesting, he took a correspondence course in forestry last year. All the while he has remained on the job in the shop. In a very few years, his woodlot will be established on a basis that is certain to pay him well.

Under the ATFS, a tree farm is defined as an area of privately-owned, tax-paying forestland dedicated to the growing of continuing timber crops. Cutting practices voluntarily applied under the plan insure the tree farmer a perpetual

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supply of timber from the woodlot.

For instance, trees may be overcrowded and it may be wise to thin them. In which case the forester marks certain trees for removal, including those that are crooked or diseased, which may be sold on the pulpwood market.

Thinning enables remaining trees to grow faster into poles or sawlogs. From the sawlog is made lumber for homes and thousands of other uses. Trees cut into poles, pilings, crossties and fence posts may go to wood-preserving plants where they are treated with chemicals to prolong their use.

The woodlot owner wishing his acreage certified as a tree farm may get information from the nearest wood-using industry or write American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1816 N Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C., for a free pamphlet entitled "How You Can Become a Tree Farmer."

In brief, the procedure calls for inspection of the woodlot to determine if good management is being practiced. If so, the inspecting forester recommends certification and the final action is taken by the sponsoring group in the state.

To become a certified tree farmer, the woodlot owner is not required to join any organization, nor does he pay any fees or assessments. He simply becomes a cooperator in a nationwide movement to grow trees as a crop and follows prescribed standards on a purely voluntary basis.

With more than 50,000 large and small sawmills scattered over the country, the lumber industry ranks as America's twelfth in value of manufactured products. Railroads consume about 1,500,000,000 board feet of the country's annual harvest for crossties, freight cars, trestles, snowsheds and a hundred other items. It takes 40,000,000 crossties a year just to keep the nation's railroad tracks in proper working condition. Pulp and paper also are forest products.

Not since the Pilgrims landed and started hacking into the virgin forests for wood to build homes and make wagon tongues and gunstocks have individual Americans turned such concerted attention to their woodlands.

Some wood-using plants have their own tree farm "families." Under this plan, landowners in a given area place their timberlands under management of a company which agrees to furnish forestry service and protection from fire and

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grazing. The landowner usually agrees to give the lumber firm first refusal of timber at prevailing market prices.

A Pennsylvania woodlot owner realized $12,000 from a two-year cutting operation on his 500-acre farm, receiving $5,000 from the sale of about 100,000 board feet of sawtimber, $1,000 for 52 tons of oak bark he sold to a tannery, and $6,000 for pulpwood.

"This sale," said the man, "gave me a clear profit of $3,000 over the original cost of the land, and in a few years I will be cutting it again for more profit."

In 1947, a Georgia man bought 825 acres of badly-worn land, using wartime savings for the down payment. Improvement thinnings helped further with the initial financing. When his first daughter was born, he was unable to take out college insurance. So he planted 47,000 slash pine seedlings, a kind of insurance he was sure he could handle.

Two years later he was able to buy an adjacent 303 acres, which he planted with 150,000 pine seedlings. In 1953, he marked inferior trees and started working them for gum and naval stores. This source alone will pay him about $1,500 a year. In about eight years his daughter will be ready for college and by that time a major portion of the trees will be marked for sawtimber harvest.

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Picture Story

Falling In Love

A Valentine Story

by GEROLD FRANK

photography by VIVIAN CHERRY

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THIS IS HOW IT BEGAN. (Does it ever really *begin?* Was it not always there, a warmth, a knowing, a yearning in the heart, a subtle waiting and a subtle wanting?) But this is how their love began. With a chance and unexpected meeting . . .

IN A PLACE not arranged, in a moment not prepared, ticked off by a clock private only to them. Here, the first stolen glance, the sudden, swift awareness—and then, something ancient and marvellous, old as the rhythm of the blood, is there.

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IT DOES NOT MATTER who or what he is nor where they meet. Dante first saw Beatrice at prayer; Romeo glimpsed Juliet at a ball. And love, unerring and unafraid, can find its way amid a crowd aboard a ferryboat where a seaman first sees her and follows, not sure yet not unsure. . . . Ask him now if he remembers his first words: he can not. But he spoke—and she answered, and laughed, and giggled a little too much. They could not know that over them in this winged moment, hovered the ghosts of all lovers who ever were, encouraging him, reassuring her. She wonders, uncertain, *Is this right* and *Ought I* and *What will he think of me?*

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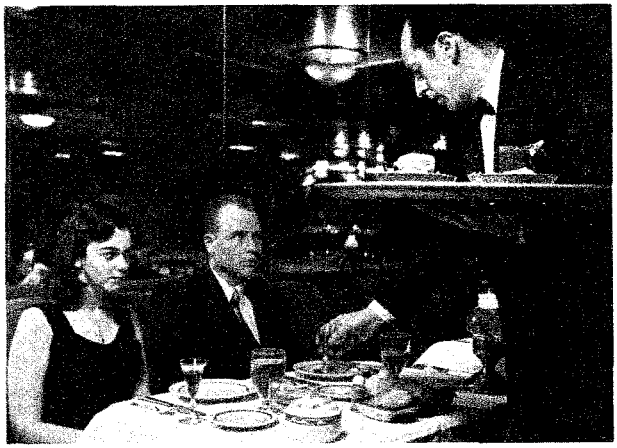

THERE'S NO GREAT EASE in their first evening together. Dressed up and proper, they find that glamor can have its own stiff protocol. What should have been natural as laughter finds them hemmed in, subdued, each on mettle and manners.

BUT LATER, in the little place, the courtship takes its leisure. The singer's voice, the deep guitar, bestow their own witchery. The hour glows: there's good talk, and charm, and eloquence, and all the sheer delight and wonder of themselves.

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AND WHEN THE EVENING'S OVER, the moment bright with questioning: Shall we see each other again? And the unspoken mystery: *Who are you, really? How shall I know you?* They are embarked upon a strange adventure—the pilgrimage to the unknown country that is another's self, that is another's heart and mind and soul.

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THERE ARE SIDE-VOYAGES in a courtship, far less exciting, to be sure, yet nonetheless a must on love's itinerary. He is invited to her home, to meet her family, to see—

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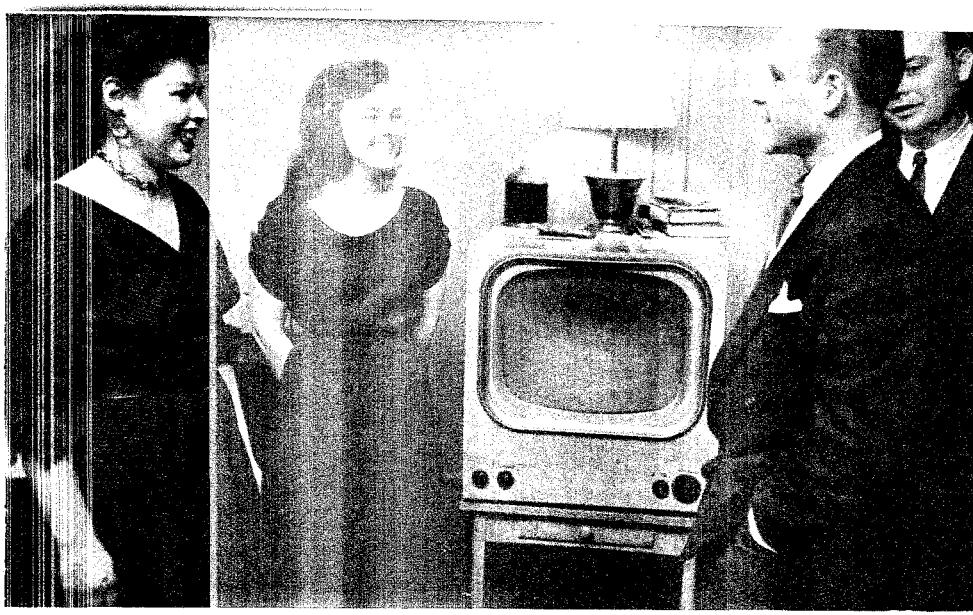

AND BE SEEN. There are big sisters eager to inspect and pass their judgment, to give or withhold their approval. And understanding brothers-in-law prepared to talk as man to man, hoping to make the initiation less painful than their own.

BUT AFTER THE INTRODUCTIONS, and dinner, and coffee, after the table talk and gossip, no matter how sweet the opiate of love, does the family circle seem to close in a little? And does the shape of the future reveal itself in a toddler's smile?

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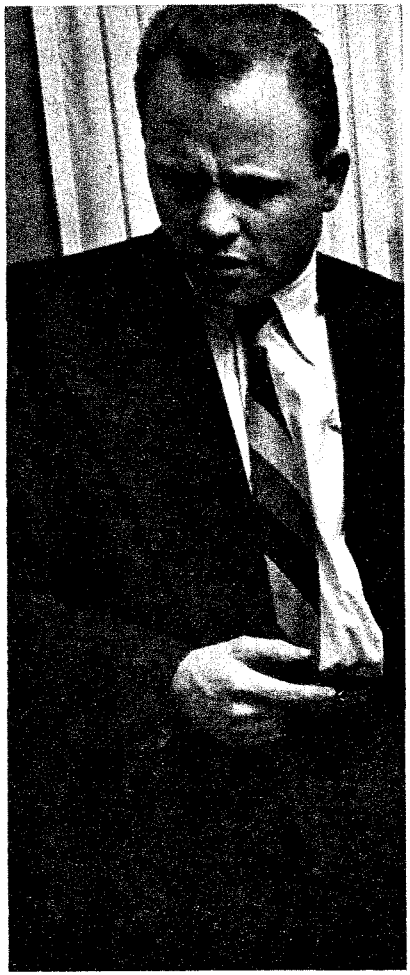

LOVE HAS ITS MOODS, its frets, its wayfarer's dark, twisting paths. Suddenly, without rhyme or reason, misunderstandings come. Words no longer mean what words should mean. What strange spell is at work setting one against the other?

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THE POET SPEAKS, "A grief ago . . ." No loneliness is sharper than a lover's, no remorse deeper. When pride is done, dismissing whose the fault, how do we conjugate the verb *to love:* "I should have . . . He should have . . . We should have."

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LOVE'S SEASON has its partings, because that is its special destiny. He must go for a little while. There is only silence as she accompanies him part of the way, goes with him as far as she can, dreading the separation that can not be stayed, the hour that must come. They two, against the world. They two, an island in themselves . . . She thinks, *How do you say goodbye? Shall I leave now? Ought I go? Or stay? Will one word help, or be too much? How do you say goodbye when the word is caught in your throat, when the word is heavy as a stone at the bottom of your heart?*

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NO SUN HAS SET so low as when he walks into a tomorrow without her. *How will I go through the days ahead?* Memory, knifelike, twists at his heart with every step. *She is not here. She is not here.*

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Do you know the deserts in which they live who love and are not together . . .

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. . . the parched days and nights, the waiting, the wanting, the wordless longing?

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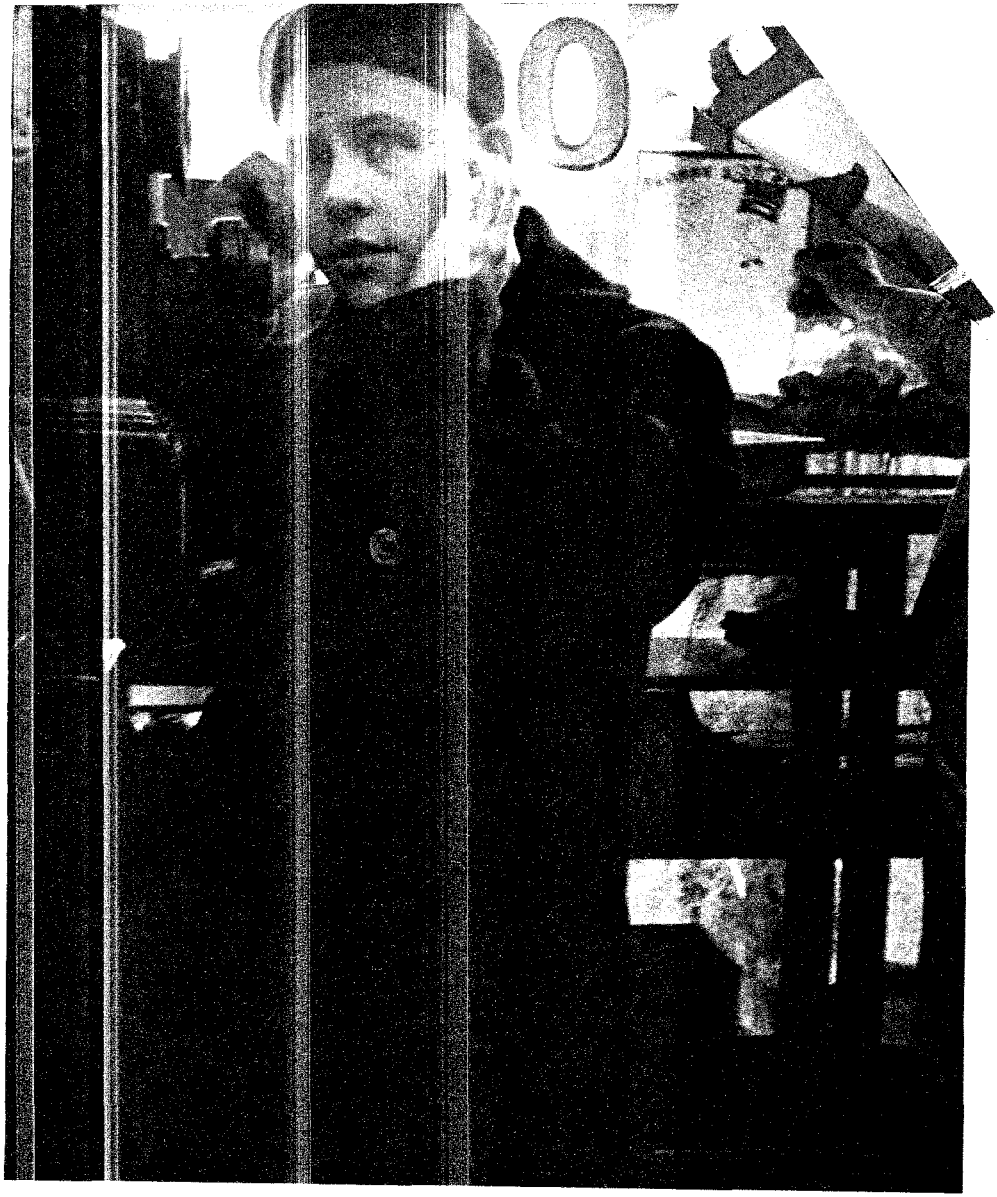

I'M HOME! He's said these words before, but never have they meant so much. Over the thin, unreal wonder of a wire, love's language is a tongue all its own, making tenderness articulate, turning even a whisper, a hesitation, into a caress.

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HE'S HOME! The ordeal's over! Suddenly the unseen's seen, the cherished is as near as her own pulse beat. Nothing counts now but that he's home. Time's vanished, today's tomorrow, God's in His heaven, and all's right with the world!

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THIS IS HOW LOVE BECOMES. Not in sadness, not in ecstasy, but in thankfulness; not in a thunderclap, but in slow silences. Tears, not words, well up in us, and all is an awe and humbleness, all a wordless rapture. There is a drought and hunger that only another's drought and hunger will allay; a loneliness that only another's loneliness will still. It does not matter who is possessed, nor who the possessor, nor where, nor when the time. The universe and all that was, or ever will be, is caught in this one kiss, held forever in this embrace: and this is what Dante knew and Romeo dreamed and all lovers remember who remember how love began.

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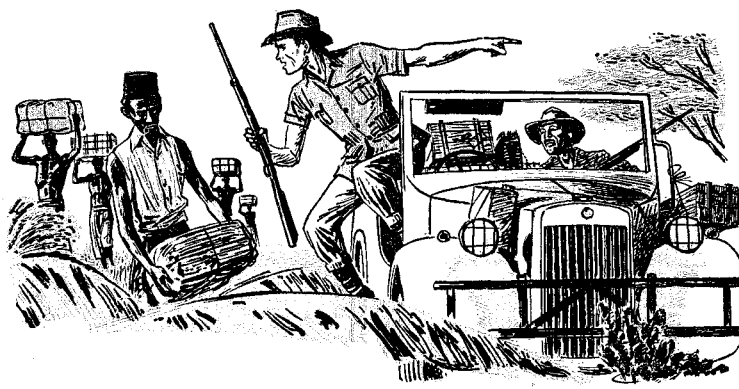
The White Hunter in Africa



by ROBERT C. RUARK

The professional type is far removed from the bearded heroes of the movies

THE POPULAR CONCEPTION of a white hunter in Africa, built largely in the American mind on film portrayals by Gregory Peck and Stewart Granger, is almost as erroneous as the movie and popular magazine accounts of safaris. According to what you may have seen or read, the basic idea of a professional hunter is this:

He stands about six-foot-five and sports a full beard. He shoots lions with pistols, and wrestles with snakes and buffalo for fun. When he is not out on safari, he hangs around bars in Nairobi, thumbing the big cartridges he wears in the loops of his jacket. He has a secret sorrow, which drove him to a life among the wild beasts. His business is regarded as butchery, and it takes a superhuman man to be a competent butcher.

This is about as accurate as the average movie presentation of high life in New York, or the general supposition that all Englishmen sport monocles and have no chins.

In some respects the white, or professional, big-game hunter, African variety, is the toughest man in the world, and in others he is as gentle as a dead dove and as unsophisticated as Huck Finn. He is competent at his job, which is why he is alive, but you will see more rugged types on the dance floor at El Morocco. And he is the last of a breed of men who have such a genuine love for the wilds that they are willing literally to kill themselves with backbreaking work and daily danger, on a nine-month-per-year basis, for less pay than a good waiter in New York draws down.

They forswear matrimony, generally, because no wife lasts long when the old man is off twisting the

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tails of leopards for most of the calendar year. They save little money, for the upkeep on their hunting cars largely outweighs their income, and they blow the rest in Nairobi in between safaris or in the rainy seasons when hunting is impossible.

They are referred to as a vanishing breed, because there are somewhat less than 30 practicing top pros in British East Africa today, and in a short time there will be little big stuff left to practice on, so swiftly is the dangerous game disappearing. It is thought by most of the smart ones that the next three or four years will see the last of safari in the old sense.

Let us consider young Harry Selby, with whom I had the good fortune to hunt. Selby is possibly the best of the current bunch—certainly there is none better, and his popularity is such that he is always booked up solidly. He is not yet 30, but has been an able pro since he was twenty. He was born and raised in Kenya Colony, and had killed his first elephant before he was fifteen. He looks like a public-school boy, and speaks an impeccable British English in such a gentle voice that even an occasional "damn" sounds very wicked.

THE FUNCTION OF a professional hunter, on safari, is almost God-like. He is responsible for the safety of the whole shebang—you, himself, and the black boys who make up your *shauri*. He is the guide, over trackless wastes. He is the expert on finding suitable game, and seeing that his dude is in the best possible position to shoot it. If you ask him, he will shoot it for you, but he will quietly disrespect you as a man.

If you wound an animal, it is the hunter's responsibility to go into the bush and finish it off, both out of humanitarianism and caution, since a wounded lion or buffalo is bound to kill the first luckless native who crosses his path. At all times he is the servant of the Game Department, whose laws are strict, and in whose employ are many spies. If it were known, for instance, that a hunter failed to exert all possible effort to find a wounded animal, his license would be immediately forfeit.

The hunter stands at your side to backstop you on dangerous game. His idea of the pleasant safari is one in which he was not forced to fire a gun once. But if the going gets nasty, his double rifle is your insurance. White hunters seldom miss—at close range. They can't afford to.

"I don't care about these people who can split a lemon at three hundred yards," one hunter remarked. "What I want to know about a man is how good he is on a charging buffalo at six feet."

My man Selby, to that specification, is excellent. The last buffalo he was *forced* to shoot was on the safari ahead of mine. The buff had gone down, and it appeared his back was broken. As Selby and the client approached, cautiously, the buff got up and charged at about 15 yards. The client let him have one in the chest and one in the face.

"The first bullet hit him here," Selby said later, "just under the right eye. He kept coming. At about ten feet I hit him just here, over the left eye. He continued to progress."

"What did you do then?" I asked the hunter more or less breathlessly.

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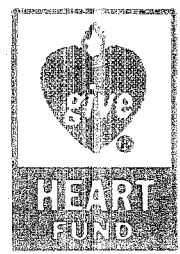
"Well," the young man said, "at about four feet I shot him again. I shot him through *the pupil.*" He rummaged through some photos and showed me the dead buffalo. There was a hole under one eye, a hole over the other, and where the left eye belonged was a hole as big as an egg. The animal had died and fallen on Selby's feet.

On one occasion, I watched Selby hold his fire in the face of a lioness' charge, until the angry cat was a long broomstick away. She stopped, and we eventually drove her off. I had no chance to shoot, since I was working on the male, and I was a little angry that Selby had let her come so close before making a move.



"After all, Bob," Selby said, "she had cubs. I thought I'd give the old girl another foot or so."

The heavy work for a hunter is not so much the location of game, and the supervision of the final kill, as the camp routine. His is the supervision of a tiny portable city—administration of loading and unloading, in exactly the right order; of selecting camp, pitching camp, looking after the water supply, supervising the skinners and trackers and gunbearers and porters and cooks and body servants.

He must be an expert mechanic —he must be able to rebuild a motor car from the spare parts he carries, and improvise those parts he has not. I once saw Selby settle a ball-bearing assembly with a nail and an old piece of strap iron.

The hunter is responsible for correct victualing of an expedition that may be out from town three or four months, so that he has perforce a dietician's knowledge of supplementary canned goods and a balanced menu.

He is directly responsible for providing an average of ten pounds a day, per man, of fresh meat. In most cases the ordinary day's killing will keep sufficient meat in camp, but I have seen periods when we hunted a 50-pound Thompson gazelle harder than we hunted lions, simply because our meat supply was dangerously low.

As the head of a safari, the hunter finally combines the duties of a sea captain, a bodyguard, a chauffeur, a tracker, a skinner, a headwaiter, a tourist guide, a photographer, a mechanic, a stevedore, an interpreter, a game expert, a gin-rummy partner, social equal, technical superior, boss, employee, and handy man.

Of all his problems, however, the client is the No. 1 headache. One hunter I know was terribly butchered by a buffalo, because the superbrave client panicked after wounding the buff, and threw away his gun to run.

This left the hunter all by himself with the buffalo, who took about 14 slugs up front and still kept coming. The buffalo threw the hunter twice, opening him up on each side like a slit herring.

There are clients who are too brave, who insist on shooting everything themselves, and who also insist that the hunter not shoot under any circumstances. These are the people who generally get the hunters maimed, since they are prone to

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shoot too fast and from too great a distance, wounding the quarry and making it necessary for the professional to collect it from the thornbush.

There is the complete phony, who gets out of the city limits and says: "Look, you shoot it all, but don't tell anybody." This is a fairly simple type to handle, since a competent pro can round up the fraud's complete bag, on reasonably mediocre animals, and quickly send him back to brag in his club.

FROM THE HUNTER'S standpoint the ideal customer is a man who is scared enough to be cautious, but brave enough to control his fear. He follows instructions, knows and is frank about his own limitations on stamina, and quits when he has had enough. He shoots his own game, but is not averse to help when a buffalo or something else large and fierce needs some extra killing.

The true professional hunter has something of the bullfighter's philosophy, in that he has no guarantee he will see the bright lights and pretty girls of Nairobi ever again. In the final analysis he has to stand and fight. Each man I know has had a dozen slim squeaks, mostly from elephant and buffalo.

Frank Bowman, an Australian and a very fine hunter who is now retired, once sat on the ground with a twisted ankle and no bullets for his gun while a wounded buffalo got up and staggered, sick but still furious, toward him. Bowman screamed for a gunbearer to fetch more bullets, waited until the bearer had run to the car to get them, slapped two fresh bullets in his double and shot the buff at a range of about one foot. It fell in his lap.

One of my gunbearers, a *Wa-Kamba* boy named Adam, was elevated to the aristocracy of gunbearing in the following manner: Oldtimer Philip Percival, with an empty gun, was being chased round and round the hunting car by a wounded buffalo, and all the natives in the back—save Adam—panicked and went over the side.

Adam, then a porter, had the presence of mind to sort through the dozen different varieties of cartridges in the back of the car until he found a couple of slugs that fitted Percival's gun. These he handed the doughty old boy as he rounded the car for the umpteenth time, and Percival loaded his weapon in full flight. He killed the animal, and thenceforward Adam was promoted, as a reward for presence of mind.

The point is that what is one client's rare thrill is routine for the pros. Their average day starts at 4:30 A.M., and they rarely seek the sack before 11 P.M. During the course of a day, they will drive a hunting car an average 125 miles, over trackless, tough terrain. They will walk an average ten miles, over mountain and through swamps, and they will crawl from one to five miles on their bellies.

If you are hunting elephant, you will walk from 20 to 30 miles a day, over dry river beds that suck your shoes into the sliding softness and make every step a mighty effort. The sun smites like hammers all day and the nights, in most parts of huntable Africa, are bitter cold.

After a full day's work they are still supposed to supervise the constant repair of the hunting vehicles, see that the camp is in good order,

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solve the problems of dozens of natives, tend the sick and still be jovial, talking and card playing companions to the paying guests.

Added to the general chores is the task of explaining the same things, over and over, to a succession of clients who want to know (and rightly) what is that tree, why do we camp here and what were the boys saying in Swahili? The hunter also must listen to all the alibis, again and again, as to why the shooter missed the *topi* at 25 yards from a steady rest, and must soothe the injured pride of the man who is paying $100 a day to do something he would really rather not do.

The question, then, must be: *What do they get out of it?*

I believe I know, as a friend of several hunters, what they get out of it. There is a simple love of nature, and of nature's creatures, as against a dread for the contrived living of cities, for the claustrophobic connivances of civilization, that drives a man to the vastness of Africa to fulfill some need of basic simplicity in himself.

Hunters criticize each other constantly, and each man has his secret ground, a territory he endeavors to keep from the ken of rival hunters. That personal pride prevents him from shooting the easy animal—what he really wants to get is "heads."

"You are not shooting an elephant," Selby told me once. "You are shooting the symbol of his tusks. You are not shooting to kill. You are shooting to make immortal the thing you shoot. To kill just anything is a sin. To kill something that will be dead soon, but is so fine as to give you pleasure for years, is wonderful.

"Everything dies. You only hasten the process. But you remember we hunted rhino for three weeks, and never shot a single one we saw? That's what I mean. When you shoot a lion, you are actually shooting its mane, something that will make you proud. You are shooting for yourself, not shooting just to kill an animal."

This was an undue burst of eloquence from an usually taciturn young man, but I think I have his point, and the point of his brothers.

These few surviving men are largely Jasons, in search of the Golden Fleece, and they do not care who brings it down, so long as they are present at the chase. Selby, and his companions in arms, will actually work harder for a client they dislike than for a man they admire, because the ultimate end is noble in the mind.

Explanations Are in Order

WHEN A FOUR-YEAR-OLD painted a dog without ears, he carefully explained that he had done so "Because he's looking! He's not listening!"

—AGNES E. BENEDICT & ADELE FRANKLIN, *Happy Home*, Copyright, 1948, Appleton-Century-Crafts, Inc.

A WEATHER FORECASTER, after a long series of wrong predictions, asked to be transferred to another city. "This climate," he explained, "doesn't agree with me."

—HUGH SCOTT (Philadelphia Inquirer)

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Sordid headlines across the nation have raised the question...

ARE SMALL TOWNS IMMORAL?

by HENRY LEE

WITHIN THE PAST few years, from New England to the West Coast, one shocking story after another has poured forth from the small towns of America. Each one, seemingly more lurid than its predecessor, alleges the grossest kind of moral misconduct among teen-agers and younger adults alike.

In one Indiana hamlet, almost a score of boys and girls are charged with "wild sex parties in orchards and along the banks of the Maumee River—so shocking that they can't be described to the public." In a North Carolina town, a school official is aghast to discover a mimeographed set of rules indicating that highschool girls are surreptitiously forming a club. Its object, clearly stated, is the enjoyment of sexual relations with Marines stationed at a nearby base.

Time and again, under the datelines of little places, the news stories begin: "This small town was shocked today . . ." From Panama City in Florida westward to Borger, Texas, and up to Mattoon, Illinois, come scandalized reports of "Non-Virgin Clubs" and mass orgies among teen-agers. Far to the North, after a 19-year-old couple are surprised "in a state of undress" in a teeners' club, the authorities decide the only thing to do is to close down the club, once and for all, to prevent any repetitions.

In Oregon, California and in other states, "wife-swappings," in which couples brazenly divorce to marry each other's mates, are matters of public record. As one "groom" explains, casting fond glances at his new wife, at his ex-wife and at his bride's ex-husband who married the ex-wife, "People fall in love all the time and in this case it was just fortunate that it was all among friends."

In a suburb of Boston, another game of erotic musical chairs, this time played without benefit of divorce among the younger married set, climaxes in the killing of a "prudish" spouse and a charge of murder against his passionate brunette mate. The prosecutor tries to put a lid on the "sordid details," but the defendant's lawyer blusters: "There will be a lot of red faces when she tells her story—and she will tell it from the witness stand."

What's happening to our small towns, anyhow? Are these traditional centers of morality and close-knit family life going to the dogs? Is a wave of crime and immorality —which admittedly has struck many of our major cities—now

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inundating the little places, too?

To research this sociological problem, CORONET has dug into some of the more sensational cases reported in big headlines from coast to coast. Mayors, prosecutors, police chiefs, school superintendents were interviewed to get at the ultimate *facts* behind the furor. Where grand juries investigated, their findings were studied.

The answers are surprising—and reassuring. True, on occasion, "bad" people will conduct themselves scandalously and give the whole town a black eye. For varied reasons, including their own naïveté in handling such events, the little places suffer a "bad press" that paints them in misleading colors.

But once the truth is sifted from the gossip, there is actually little left to titillate sensationalists. The little places still are good places. Their people, the youth and married sets alike, are good, moral people. As proof, let's look at the evidence.

In Mattoon, an Illinois town of about 18,000, a pretty girl of 16 stops a youngish man on the street and blurts out an indecent proposal. A clergyman, he is shocked almost speechless, but then immediately demands if she knows who he is.

"No, but it doesn't make any difference," she says wantonly. "The little club I belong to requires me to ask the first man I meet each night."

Once the clergyman reports the incident—and there is no reason to doubt his veracity—the story snowballs. First whispered, then printed, reports describe the girls' "initiation." This consists of having relations with a man—while a second man stands by and watches as official spectator for the club. To remain in "good standing," the girls thereafter must have four relations a month.

The state's attorney, the police, the county probation officer, the school superintendent all move in to investigate, and something akin to panic grips Mattoon. The City Commission has previously dismissed the reports as "preposterous," but one Commissioner goes ahead to probe on his own. A clergyman fears a girl member of his Sunday School has fallen into membership in the club; the Allied Women's Church Council is disturbed over the marked drop in attendance at youth meetings.

As dozens of girls are questioned, the scandal-mongering reaches huge proportions—and is duly printed. There are reports the club may have been flourishing for as long as five years, and some say that at least 100—perhaps 150—girls are involved. Others say, No, the number is "only 34." But did you hear that at least one of them had to leave town to have a baby? And that, behind it all, a certain married couple presides as evil genius of the depravity?

For weeks, the investigations—

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and gossip—drag on. Then, suddenly, no more juicy news comes out of Mattoon. What happened?

Recently, I went over the whole story with Marion A. Joseph, Mattoon's no-nonsense chief of police. "We did an awful lot of checking to try and run down that 'club,' " he told me ruefully. "We questioned both youngsters and their parents and re-questioned them carefully. But, you see, we were after *facts*, not headlines. We found that just one or two people, hearing of the clergyman's experience, had invented details about the 'club' and started the story snowballing."

The actual facts about the degrading "initiation" and the wholesale membership among Mattoon's teen-age girls?

"There was nothing to it—just a lot of talk," Chief Joseph says bluntly. "Today, it's a dead issue. We've never even heard another rumor since then."

In a way, the hullabaloo raised over small-town scandal is a form of unconscious tribute to the little places. In New York, with its routine crime, there is little excitement over one more rape or killing. But any scandal in the little places is almost automatically Page One news. A sordid little mess is miraculously translated into shocking goings-on along Main Street by the town's Best Element.

Take last year's scandal in little Amesbury, Massachusetts. A giddy wife involved in "wife-swapping" orgies is charged with the murder of her husband, found shot and stabbed on Palm Sunday. "This Boston suburb girded itself today for a murder trial which may shake some of its leading families!" cried one story. Further revealed were "parties at which some of the well-to-do set in this Boston suburb swapped wives for a few hours."

Apparently not satisfied with the story itself, the press felt a need for glamorizing it with a "society" slant. Actually, the victim was a night-shift factory worker, and one of the handsome, dashing "other men" an employee in a shoe factory. The wife involved was a diner waitress. Finally, District Attorney Hugh A. Cregg of Essex County was moved to exclaim: "Certain of the published reports are grossly exaggerated. Amesbury is a small town and much that has been printed stems from idle gossip."

Last spring, the following classic example of rumor-mongering distracted a whole high school, alarmed parents, called out the police and excited the newspapers. As it happened, the incident took place in a large city, but it typifies the confusion caused by wagging tongues.

The trouble started when excited calls to the newspapers and police reported: "A girl has just been the victim of a brutal perverted attack by three other girls at high school. She was just taken to the hospital." The police could find no record of such an assault at the school and no victim in any hospital. Reporters, after double-checking with po-

"WHY ITALIANS DISLIKE US"

A Rome journalist explains the reasons for anti-American feeling abroad—and what we can do about it. Next month, Coronet.

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lice and hospital authorities, passed up the "story."

But next day, the authorities, the papers and the principal were deluged with dozens of calls from adults and youngsters with fresh detail, including the fact that the victim was getting a blood transfusion. None, however, seemed to know her name or the hospital where she had been taken.

Finally, after a weekend, the anonymous callers insisted that the girl had died. On Tuesday, "the day of the funeral," the story had spread to other schools. Parents, in alarm, called for action by school authorities and declared: "It's a shame that the newspapers are afraid to print this story."

Trying to get to the bottom of the gossip, the principal interviewed no less than 55 students who insisted they knew the details of the assault. Twice, they gave the supposed identity of the "victim." Both girls were found unhurt in their classrooms. Meanwhile, the school parents' association demanded that mothers be allowed to stand guard in the rest rooms to prevent any "repetition."

That was all the principal could stand. "If the parents want to sit in the rest rooms to prevent a recurrence of something that didn't happen in the first place," he snapped, "that's all right with me!"

In this instance, the press wisely held back till the investigation had punctured the alarmist rumors. Then, to the discomfiture of parents and students alike, it printed the facts—or rather the lack of facts.

Sometimes, however, because of necessary preoccupation with the changing "big" news from day to day, the press forgets, or simply doesn't have the space, for "follow-ups" on remote, small-town scandals. Thus, patient sleuthing by police or a grand jury will go unnoticed, and the scandal lingers on. Two years ago, Panama City, Florida, was victim of such a half-told story.

Authorities had disclosed that an "immediate and thorough" investigation was being launched into a "Non-Virgin Club" at Bay High School there. By report, the secret sex society was actually soliciting members right on the campus.

Later, shocked school leaders were quoted as saying: "This is a serious situation! All of us have read of such clubs in the larger cities, but it comes as a knockout blow that such a condition can—and does—exist in our Bay County."

CURIOUSLY, THERE WERE no follow-ups to this promising first revelation of apparently established facts. I went to County School Superintendent Thomas E. Smith as the authority best qualified to relate the "inside truth." Here is his unvarnished report:

"Our investigation of the so-called 'Non-Virgin Club' actually re-established our faith in our youth. There was no evidence of an organized club—only some activity by a few reckless, unguided youths—and the school was not involved at all. Our entire youth came to the rescue of morals in Bay County and stamped their disapproval on any immoral activities."

As a matter of fact, largely thanks to the intelligence and vigilance of the young people themselves, Bay

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County has the lowest percentage of delinquency in Florida. And for himself, rather than joining in the loose tirade at small-town youth, Superintendent Smith finds today's younger generation "the finest, most sincere and loyal of any we have ever produced!"

Probably one reason we are so willing to believe the worst about the small towns is that a few of them have, frankly, become notorious. Here and there throughout the country are places like Phenix City, Alabama, a scoff-law community that had to be tamed by the National Guard; Cicero, Illinois, once the capital of Al Capone's racket barony; other hideaways where gambling and debauchery can be enjoyed.

But, we shouldn't forget, Phenix City has a record of lawlessness dating back 100 years; Cicero merely succumbed to the same pressures which corrupted much bigger men in the state and even federal service. And, in every little local hideaway, the *patrons* who make sin profitable, the gamblers and prostitutes who cater to them, are simply birds of passage who come from out of town.

Actually, the genuine small town is no place for amoral misfits. No fake "tolerance" is wasted on them, and they drift away to the big cities to seek their like. In itself, that goes far to explain why crime and delinquency rates are down in the little places, and church membership and wholesome youth activities like the Scouts and 4-H clubs are on the increase.

But the most eloquent defense of the small towns, comes from Superintendent Smith of Bay County. He says:

"Children raised in small communities are closer to home and church and away from the evil influences, the crime and corruption which follow large cities. In all cases, I feel, immorality and crime are played up too much. Publicity for the fine deeds which youth do, rather than sordid details of evil, will do much to improve morals."

Language Lesson

READ THIS PARAGRAPH aloud to get the most out of it. When the English tongue we speak, why is "break" not rhymed with "freak?" Will you tell me why it's true we say "sew" but likewise "few"? And the maker of a verse cannot rhyme his "horse" with "worse"? "Beard" sounds not the same as "heard"; "cord" is different from "word"; "cow" is cow, but "low" is low; "shoe" is never rhymed with "foe." Think of "hose" or "nose," then "dose" and "lose"; and think of "goose" and yet of "choose." Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb," "doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some." And since "pay" is rhymed with "say," why not "paid" with "said," I pray? Think of "blood" and "food" and "good"; "mould" is not pronounced like "could." Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"—is there any reason known? To sum up all, it seems to me, sounds and letters don't agree. —HARRIET VOXLAND (*Minneapolis Star*)

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Modern engineering is turning a once useless swamp area into a rich farmland

Florida's Fabulous Face-Lift

by VERNON PIZER

THE YEAR WAS 1928, the place the second largest fresh-water lake wholly within the U. S.—Lake Okeechobee in Florida. A terrifying hurricane had struck, scooping up countless tons of lake water and flinging them across the countryside. Over 2,000 lives were lost, many of the bodies never to be found.

A weary farmer, misery etching his strong young face, sat in a small boat surveying the scene with red-rimmed eyes. Somewhere in the debris was what had once been his cheerful farm home, and the body of his son.

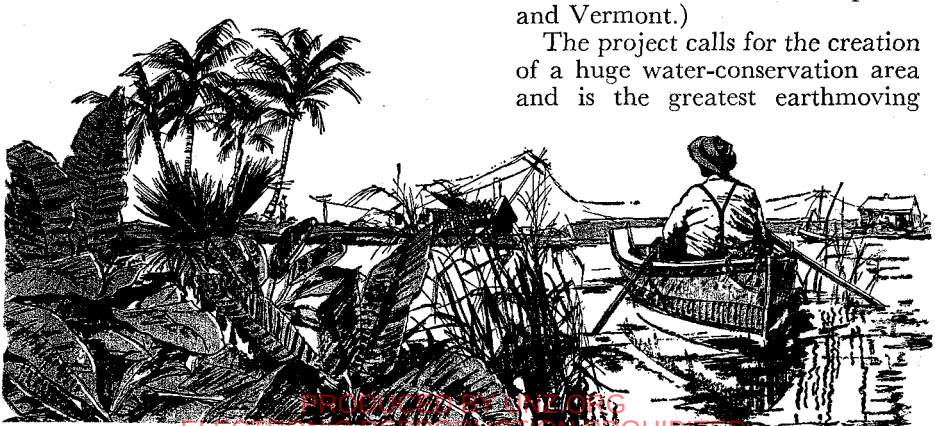
"This will always be a wasteland, fit only for alligators and rattlesnakes. Man can't control Nature," he muttered with bitter conviction.

The farmer was wrong. Today he admits it as he sits in his comfortable house and gazes out over his lush acres.

For in Florida, Man *has* learned to tame Nature. In an unprecedented engineering operation, the face of Florida is being remade, and chains forged to restrain the fury of the wind and the rain and the sun.

One of the most ambitious and daring projects ever attempted, it calls for the creation of a tremendous American Zuider Zee to reclaim and protect 2,500,000 acres of farmland; for the construction of an integrated system of levees, canals, culverts, spillways and pumping stations to lift the Everglades out of the swamp and safeguard an area three times the size of Connecticut against the constant threat of floods and hurricanes. (The levees alone—698 miles in all—could encircle New Hampshire and Vermont.)

The project calls for the creation of a huge water-conservation area and is the greatest earthmoving



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task ever undertaken since the construction of the Panama Canal.

To appreciate the full impact of this mammoth project, one must understand the situation. The peninsula of Florida, with the longest coastline of any state, has a high annual rainfall; but virtually all of it comes in the summer and fall months, creating flood conditions since the run-off is imperceptible because of the flatness of the land. The rainy season is also the hurricane season, when giant winds hurl lakes and ocean out over the land, adding to the flood havoc.

But, strangely, if Florida suffers from too much water, it also suffers from not enough. In the winter, when rainfall is light, drought conditions prevail. The soil of Central and Southern Florida—a rich, peaty muck—is amazingly fertile. But in droughts, the muck dries out like tinder and becomes susceptible to fire.

The master plan for the tremendous project that will protect Florida from fire, rain, drought, hurricanes and the ocean was evolved at the Jacksonville District Office of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, under Harold A. Scott, Chief of the Planning and Reports Branch, and his assistant, Oscar Rawls.

Both these young men arrived at the Jacksonville District within a few weeks of each other 14 years ago. Scott had done flood-control work in New England; Rawls in the Southwest. Their orders: find the answer to Okeechobee and the Everglades.

For months they pored over every engineer's report and every old survey of Florida they could unearth. They consulted State flood-control experts who had devoted their lives to the tantalizing riddle of the Everglades.

Then they gathered a survey party and struck out for Lake Okeechobee. On foot and by light truck, they traversed every foot of the bank surrounding the 730-square-mile lake. Then they traveled up the Kissimmee River, its tributaries and chain of lakes.

Finally the party headed south into the forbidding Everglades. When the light trucks could go no farther, the men took to canoe or flat-bottomed boat.

Returning to Jacksonville, Scott and Rawls closeted themselves with their mountains of data, studied, plotted on drawing boards and slowly fashioned a master plan unique in the annals of engineering.

Congress accepted the plan in 1948, authorizing an initial appropriation of $16,300,000 and stipulating that the State of Florida contribute 39 per cent of the total cost, now estimated at about $300,000,000. The Legislature accepted the terms and soon after created the Central and South Florida Flood Control District as the agency to

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work with the Army Engineers.

With authority to go ahead, the Army Engineers commenced the highly specialized task of drawing precise specifications and blueprints for the initial works contemplated; surveyed the exact location of all construction. The Flood Control District went to work negotiating for rights-of-way. In January,1950, with a sense of urgency but no fanfare, the first spade of dirt was turned.

Today, hurricane-defying levees encircle parts of Okeechobee. At critical points around the perimeter of the lake are culverts, canals, locks and hurricane gates.

As soon as a hurricane alert is flashed from weather stations in Miami or Jacksonville, Albert R. Broadfoot, resident engineer, calls in his men. He assigns a four-man crew to each of the three locks and the five hurricane gates which cut through the levee. From concrete blockhouses at these points, the crews maintain a constant watch on lake tides, wind velocity and rainfall, reporting back via two-way radio.

At his headquarters, Broadfoot evaluates the reports, matches them with radio reports from coastal weather stations, and issues instructions to his levee crews.

The most incontrovertible proof that the project has eased the threat of disaster in the Okeechobee area is the way farmers have moved in and towns sprung up. Seven years ago, there were 170,000 head of cattle in the area. Today, the livestock population has jumped to 265,000 and is still growing.

Everglades pasture land is now rich enough to sustain three cows on every two acres, in contrast to the 30 acres once required to raise one cow. When the project is completed, the area will support 750,000 head of cattle.

Deep in the Everglades is a levee known as L-7, one of a chain which separates the vast agricultural area being created from the tremendous lake being built to store excess fresh water for use in dry periods. It isn't size—L-7 is only 17 miles long—which makes this levee unique; it is the incredible way it is being built.

A vital link in the chain, L-7 is in the middle of an oozing swamp. In other areas, engineers have been able to overcome the ooze by building great, log mats on which to inch giant draglines forward. At L-7 the swamp is too watery for that.

The solution figured out by the engineers has added a new chapter to the handbooks. They built a monster 34-ton barge of aluminum which can float over the watery swamp and then drag itself over the occasional dry islands. It has a draft of only seven inches.

Dredges aboard the barge cut down through the muck to the limestone below, bite out the stone, chew it to proper size, and then spit it out hydraulically 100 yards onto the levee being built. As it chews its way forward, the barge leaves a fine canal in its wake. The canal is incorporated as a part of the over-all water control plan.

Possibly the most impressive structure, merely on the basis of size, is the broad, 130-mile levee which snakes along the East Coast from the Lake Okeechobee area to a point south of Miami and pro-

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tects the fabulously wealthy "Gold Coast." Flood conditions in 1953 could have turned it into a dismal "ghost coast" had the levee, completed just a year before, not been there to divert the rampaging waters into the water storage area.

The East Coast levee offers further proof of the ingenuity of the project engineers. At strategic points along it are steel gates which can be raised or lowered to cut off or increase the flow in the canals which bisect the levee.

Raising or lowering such gates is generally accomplished by good-sized engines. But the dollar-conscious engineers were annoyed at having to invest large sums in the requisite number of engines.

One of the men in the Jacksonville District office mulled over the situation and came up with a neat answer. As a result, some of the barriers have a small treadway built into their superstructure.

When one of the crew wants to move a gate, he drives a jeep up so that one rear wheel is resting on the treadway. He hooks an anchoring chain to the jeep to restrain it, then steps on the gas. The wheel spins the treadway belt, and the power is transmitted to the gate, which raises or lowers as easily as you please. Then the jeep simply unhooks and moves to the next gate.

"The project is between 9 and 10 per cent complete," B. Arnold, Manager of the Flood Control District, admits. "But just look at what already has been accomplished. Land which was treacherous, desolate swamp before construction was begun is now rich, improved farmland.

"In the last seven years, carloadings of vegetables shipped out of state from the project area have more than doubled. The reclaimed muckland is remarkably fertile and may some day grow as many as four and five crops a year. People have moved into the area in droves, and the population is now over one million. South and Central Florida is fast becoming one gigantic, outdoor hothouse which will be the winter bread-basket of much of the country."

As you listen to the deep-throated song of the pumps and the lowing of cattle, see the truck crops and grasslands stretching to the horizon, you know beyond doubt that here indeed is the nation's winter bread-basket. And you know, too, that here the future of Florida is being engineered across the heartland of the peninsula.

Apt Observations

"YOU'RE LATE, DEAR," said the bathrobed, curl-papered little wife as she set her husband's eggs before him. "You'll have to hurry or you'll miss the coffee break at the office."

—DUREZ MOLDER

A POLITICIAN ONCE BOASTED to Horace Greeley that he was a self-made man.

"That, sir," replied the great editor, "relieves the Almighty of a terrible responsibility."

—*2500 Jokes For All Occasions*, POWERS MOULTON, (Garden City Books, Doubleday & Co., Pub.)

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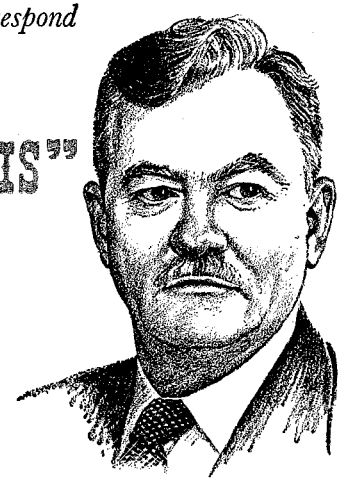
Convention delegates all over the country respond to this invitation from Fred Rein:

"MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"



by PETER WYDEN

SOME YEARS AGO, Frederick Hatfield Rein joined the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America. For about a year he paid dues, joined in the singing of *Down by the Old Mill Stream* at the Society's business meetings and served diligently on committees which summoned him by messages that began: "Dear Brother Harmonizer . . ."

The sole discordant note in this picture is that Rein does not enjoy singing. He cannot, in fact, carry a tune. He was merely laboring to persuade the barbershoppers to hold their next annual national convention in St. Louis. As usual, he succeeded, and the Society's distaff counterpart, The Sweet Adelines, swiftly fell in line.

As senior member of a resourceful and peculiarly American tribe, the convention-bureau managers, Rein (rhymes with "keen") has bagged conventions longer than any man dead or alive. Our gregarious society has spawned organizations dedicated to the full scale of human activity, from anti-alcoholism to zipper manufacturing and these supply the more than 9,000,000 delegates who annually attend at least 17,000 conventions in the U.S. and Canada, thus unleashing the expenditure of $1,000,000,000.

Rein's insight into the behavior of these get-togethers is probably unique. Certainly no one has worked more patiently to cater to the whims of each.

He has arranged for the nation's veterinarians to bring cows and chickens to their gatherings. The dining car stewards required gourmet's meals. The blind needed permission to take Seeing Eye dogs into their hotel rooms. The retail bakers set up a model bakery and treated delegates to samples. And the parakeet fanciers found display space for several hundred talkative budgie birds.

For a man compatible with such a variety of passions, Rein is remarkably composed. He is 55, medium-sized and somewhat chunky. His speech is deep and resonant. He never gets visibly excited, never dis-

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cusses politics or religion with business contacts. Indeed, Rein looks and sounds so much like the treasurer of a suburban bank that it is difficult to picture him in some of the duties he has had to perform, such as leading delegations in reverberating renditions of that relic from the 1904 World's Fair, *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie.*

Rein's title is secretary and general manager of the St. Louis Convention and Publicity Bureau, and currently he is looking back on his most successful and exhausting year, including the largest convention of his 38-year career, the American Legion classic with an estimated attendance of 25,000. More than 138,000 visitors spent some $12,000,000 in St. Louis during 1953 as a result of strategy which Rein maps with the precision of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Already he has a convention booked for December, 1960, and this is not unusual.

During a convention, Rein always hovers in the shadows, prepared to play the perfect host. He never knows when an opening may present itself. During one American Bar Association meeting, he overheard a dignitary bemoan that an illustrious speaker had to orate from a bare stage. Rein had a huge Oriental rug brought in to insure softer footing.

At last summer's Legion convention, the chairman, vainly attempting to produce silence, expressed annoyance at the impotence of his gavel. Rein had a three-foot gavel tailor-made and presented it at the next session.

"They're always sure to remember little things like that," he says.

They also remember items from the store of emergency supplies which Rein keeps near large meetings. This stockpile contains quantities of ash trays, water pitchers and glasses, aspirins, safety pins, waste baskets and monumental typewriters. These typewriters have saved friendships and important business deals, for they place letters one-quarter inch high on delegates badges, enabling conventioneers to peek at the lapel of a citizen, no matter how unfamiliar, and cry: "Why, J. Worthington Bean, as I live and breathe!"

When the last resolution is passed, the last delegate has departed, Rein's mission is not accomplished. He analyzes the convention down to the per capita cost of the last creamed chicken lunch and the name and home address of the last "No Show," that ungrateful species who put in for one of Rein's hotel rooms and then insulted him (and, Rein feels, his fellow-delegates) by failing to appear. The data compiled is submitted to the convening group.

The report card Rein recently issued to the Elks filled 40 typewritten pages and elicited this observation from the director of the Order's national convention committee: "I don't know where you got all your very revealing facts. The completeness of the report would indicate that you had a large group of certified public accountants hidden in every nook and corner of St. Louis."

Things were not always so business-like. When Fred was 19, for

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instance, he joined the Gideons. He was a well-scrubbed lad, sympathetic to the Bible-promoting aims of the organization, but when he journeyed with the St. Louis Gideons to Denver, where the decision about the site of the next convention was to be made, he carried with him the seeds of his undoing: cricket-shaped metal buttons that made chirping noises and bore the legend: "Chirp for St. Louis."

The decisive meeting was held in a church. Some youngsters who had seized samples of his crickets made them chirp in the meeting. Fred never had a chance after that, but he learned his lesson. The following year he travelled to the Gideons gathering in Cleveland. He brought no buttons, but he attended all meetings faithfully, waved his handkerchief and intoned, "Amen, brother!" in the right places and the next convention was his.

IN THE TWENTIES, when Fred learned the business, conventions were trophies to be carried off after guerrilla warfare. Telephone operators were bribed to entangle enemy communications. Bathing beauties distributed cheer among male delegates. Promises made by delegations bidding for favor were so colorful that conventions were occasionally thrown to cities with not half enough hotel rooms to house them.

On bids for big conventions, Rein enlisted the aid of "Miss St. Louis." This title changed hands frequently as Fred travelled from city to city, always hiring local models and crowning them in private with a sash he brought along. He hired bands to parade through the streets, trumpeting *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie* and even rented vacant stores where free St. Louis beer was dispensed to delegates.

Today, much of the old-time fever has gone out of convention-selling, because most decisions are now made quietly by small committees. But a little showmanship still does no damage. Rein therefore appears at organization dinner-dances and slips the orchestra leader $10 to play the *St. Louis Blues* or the *Missouri Waltz* to channel sentiment in the correct direction.

Sometimes emotion turns the tide. An elderly St. Louisan named Dennis J. Sweeney discovered this when Rein enlisted him to help capture the Woman's International Bowling Congress. Sweeney was widely revered in bowling circles and helped found the Congress back in 1916.

"Tell them you want to live just long enough to see them come back to your home town," Rein instructed.

"But I want to live longer than that!" protested Sweeney.

Yet when he rose to play his part, he was so moved by the greatness of the occasion that his tear ducts worked freely. The lady bowlers were won. It was a major coup because like all bowling conventions, this one extends over several months. A total of 15,000 lady bowlers arrive in relays, each weekend bringing a new installment, because no bowling alley could hold them all at once.

State and regional conventions Rein knows, are generally more lucrative, delegate for delegate, than the more significant, news-making national gatherings because more visitors bring along wives if

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the convention city is nearby. Convention bureaus and their supporters love wives. They have a wonderful way of wandering out of their hotel rooms empty-handed and staggering back loaded with bargains.

Professional men like doctors and lawyers are excellent convention spenders, but so are businessmen like car dealers, beverage bottlers and groups with a high incidence of executives, such as the American Gas Association. The average St. Louis convention visitor spends $19.76 per day and stays four and a half days. For affluent groups, the figure runs to more than $30 per head daily, and the only luncheon-by-luncheon national survey ever made places total annual spending at conventions at $853,000,000.

This does not include travel to and from convention cities or costs of exhibits. Convention men feel free, therefore, to refer to their trade as "the billion-dollar industry without a smokestack."

When the happiness of a convention is at stake, Rein is relentless. To permit the National Institute of Cleaning and Dyeing to set up a complete dry-cleaning plant and a high-pressure boiler at its meeting, he had a new line laid into the exposition hall to furnish steam, and persuaded the Board of Aldermen to rush through an amendment to an ordinance so the operation of a boiler would become permissible for display purposes.

The one demand on his life that he cannot possibly satisfy is on his waistline. Rein stays away from as many calorie laden luncheons and banquets as he can. When he can't escape a luncheon, he likes to order an egg dish, and at home his wife has a standing order for nothing but steak, tossed salad and skim milk, seven dinners a week.

Once a year, Fred and Eloise leave St. Louis to attend their favorite convention, the annual meeting of the International Association of Convention Bureaus of which Rein is past president, vice president and secretary-treasurer. The association reflects the revolution which his profession has undergone. In the Twenties, delegates were expensively entertained by hotel groups and other interests at such functions as champagne breakfasts. Now, each pays his own way and soberly ponders convention problems in panel discussions.

Some years back, the association, at the suggestion of Rein and others, even abolished its daily convention lunches. Fred and the boys prefer to use the time to get a little rest.

Trapped on the Roof

(Answers to brain twister on page 106)

SINCE HIS SHOUTING and gesturing got no results, Joe hit upon a clever idea. He went to the edge of the roof and stuck one foot over. That was all the woman had to see. Thinking the watchman was planning suicide, she immediately called the police. The instant Joe saw her pick up the telephone, he knew he was saved. A few minutes later he heard a patrol car siren, and before long the police were on the roof.

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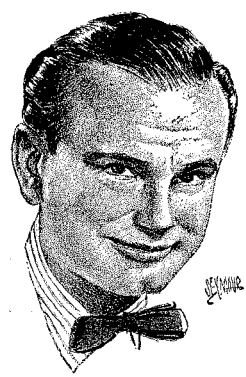
A poor little playboy tells how to be happy, though broke

From Riches to Rags

by JACK PAAR
Star of CBS-TV's "The Morning Show"

YOU KNOW, I've been watching all the comedians on television very closely lately, and I notice there is one type that has been very successful. That's the former poor boy who's made good.

Sam Levenson, for instance, tells us about his childhood in Brooklyn, and Sam remembers every little detail of his youth. I don't know how he ever had time to play as a child. He was always so busy taking down notes. And Herb Shriner can relate such wonderful stories of his life as a poor boy in a small town.



Well, I happen to be one of the poor unfortunate comedians who was born rich. *Now* I'm poor. But let me tell you of my life and see how it compares with Sam Levenson's or Herb Shriner's.

I was born in a little village outside of Ypsilanti, Michigan, called Detroit. I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth. My cereal didn't snap, crackle and pop . . . it chimed.

We had problems like all families and I used to have to help around the house. My mother would send me down to the basement each morning to bring up a fresh bucket of money. When I was good I got to go to the candy store and buy a mile of licorice.

The kids on my block back in Detroit were all really crazy, mixed-up kids. There was Henry Ford III, Walter P. Chrysler II, Sam Pontiac I, Irving Nash Rambler and Throckmorton Cadillac. He played shortstop. Boy, what crazy kids.

Our families were quite strict with us. We weren't allowed to play in the street unless it was Wall Street. My family believed that children should have educational toys. They gave me a stock ticker for my fourth birthday. My next birthday they gave me a beautiful set of blocks. No matter how I piled them up they still spelled out Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane.

I was a Boy Scout just like the other boys in the neighborhood. I belonged to the Bird of Paradise patrol. We had to learn to start fires by rubbing stock coupons together.

For summers we didn't own a country place . . . we owned a

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country. I couldn't even get a sunburn without a passport. I loved to go fishing down at our private stream. It was stocked only with gold fish. We had to throw them back if they were less than 24 karats. Even though we were rich, we didn't have a swimming pool like all the other kids. We had to charter Lake Michigan for the season. You know how poor kids like to go melon swipin' in the summer. We were just like other kids that way. One night we swiped Andrew Mellon.

All of us kids went to the same school . . . P. S. Yale. I graduated Phi Beta Kappa. I still have the key. It isn't much use, unless you want to get into a Phi Beta Kappa washroom in a hurry.

Us rich kids used to play games just like Sam Levenson and the poor kids. You've heard his stories about kicking a tin can around the streets of New York. We played the very same game, but on horses. It's called polo. On rainy days we used to stay in the house and play parlor games like "Butler, Butler, who's got the butler." (It was quite hard on the older butlers.)

Even though we were rich, my family was very practical. I can still see mother out in the butler's pantry toiling over one of her favorite thrifty recipes . . . Instant Martinis.

Mother was a good cook, but very impulsive. I'll never forget the time she missed the driveway and drove her Jaguar racing car right into the living room. My father asked how on earth she got the car into the living room and she said, "It was easy. I just made a right hand turn at the maid's room."

Father and mother were both patrons of the arts. He collected Old Masters. She collected young scout masters.

He never tired of collecting pictures of Salmon P. Chase. The ones on the $10,000 bills.

Father was a self-made man. His motto was "You've got to get in and dig for it." This got him into trouble once in the Army. They admired his spirit but he was stationed at Fort Knox at the time.

Well . . . that's the story of my life. It was tough being born rich but now at last I've succeeded in getting poor, so I can be famous, too. It wasn't easy getting rid of all that money, either. At times I thought I'd never make it. But the tax collectors came to my rescue. They had Bing Crosby's money supporting the government all winter. Now they've picked my money as the summer replacement for his. At last I'm poor! Now I'll be a successful comedian!

One thing I have learned from my ups and downs is that poor people are happier than rich people. And it's the rich people who keep saying that.

Art Indeed

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE is the art of making toeless shoes a fashion instead of a calamity.

—DAVID F. AUSTIN, (*Popular Science*)

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Many who bungle the job are consigned to a living hell far worse than any they knew

SUICIDE IS DANGEROUS

by LESTER DAVID

ANYONE PLANNING to commit suicide should follow this extremely important rule: be absolutely certain the job is done quickly and thoroughly.

A cold and heartless suggestion? Not at all. Because the harsh truth is that if a would-be suicide bungles —and hospital records reveal there are 4 chances in 5 of failure—he can plunge himself into such a mess that the original woe prompting his act would seem idyllic by comparison.

Unhappily, few of those bent on self-murder give this a thought before they squeeze the trigger, rig the gallows or climb out on the ledge. And because they don't, there is in America today a pitiful legion of the damned that you probably never knew existed.

It is made up of hundreds of thousands of limbless, sightless, feeble-minded and pain-wracked human wrecks. Many are totally helpless, an intolerable burden on their families. Many have destroyed not only their own lives and careers but also those of their loved ones. Many die eventually, but only after months of agony. These are the ones who bungled.

One is a Long Island mechanic who became convinced of the "futility of life" and tried to end it all with a shotgun. The charge missed his brain but carried away his chin and part of his lower jaw.

He didn't die. In fact, once he had gone through with the big gesture, he wanted very much to live—a typical reaction, psychiatrists point out.

He recovered from the wound but left the hospital a living horror. Growing a beard only accentuated his ghastly appearance. Plastic surgery helped a little, but it couldn't perform miracles.

No shop will hire him as a mechanic, so he goes from odd job to odd job, rarely staying more than a few months in any one place. Now he has reason to feel that life is futile, but he doesn't want to die any more. He sees young men walking arm in arm with their girls,

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happy husbands hugging their children, and he wants desperately to have these things. But now it's too late.

In a recent ten-year period, according to the U. S. Public Health Service, more than 167,000 persons deliberately killed themselves. To grasp the enormity of the toll, consider that this was just about double the number of homicides. In this period, according to hospital reports, approximately 1,000,000 people made unsuccessful suicide attempts.

The five most common methods are firearms, hanging, asphyxiation by gas, liquid and solid poisons and jumping from high places. Each is highly dangerous—not because it can end your life, but because it might not.

The human body is a tough, durable piece of engineering and needs to be damaged in the right places to snuff out the life spark. A man, for instance, may try to blow out his brains but succeed only in lacerating the frontal lobe, the center of intelligence, and henceforth lead the existence of an automaton. All intelligence, all awareness would be dead. He would have to be fed, washed, dressed. Tell him to pick up a pencil and he wouldn't understand.

Yes, bullets can be dangerous. They can miss the heart's vital areas, perforate one of the chambers and cause chronic heart disease. Or they can leave a victim haunted with the grim threat of sudden death hanging over him.

WHY ENGAGEMENTS ARE BROKEN

A report on the true causes of the startling increase in premarital changes-of-heart—and what they mean to future marriages. In March Coronet.

A 50-year-old businessman in California found this out. His factory had gone bankrupt and he decided life was no longer worth living. So he got hold of a pistol, sat at his desk late one evening and shot himself in the region of the heart.

He was careless. The bullet missed the vital organ but the injury to the area caused the formation of a swelling called an aneurism. This is a pulsating, blood-filled tumor which can rupture at any time, with fatal results. Sometimes aneurisms can be removed by surgery—this one could not. Now he is living in constant expectation of a blowout.

Few realize that execution by hanging is an exact science. The rope must have just the right amount of elasticity, the drop must be carefully calculated in proportion to the doomed man's weight, the noose arranged properly.

Frankly, most suicides accomplish their objective when they take to the rope, but it hurts a great deal more than they expected. In some cases, death comes from strangulation as the cord binding the neck shuts off the air passages.

But death is not certain. The cord can loosen just enough to keep a man alive, but the drop may be sufficient to injure the spinal cord. Lifetime paralysis could result. Or the neck can be broken in such a way that life goes on—with the ever-present threat of another, fatal break in any fall or minor accident.

Carbon monoxide, or illuminat-

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ing gas, is by far the most common agent employed in the asphyxiation category. It can kill by depriving the body of its vital oxygen.

A lethal dose depends entirely on the time of exposure and the concentration of the gas. But most would-be suicides who decide on gas aren't scientists. They don't know what is a heavy concentration and what is not. So someone may interrupt before the carbon monoxide has completed its job of killing, but not before it has done permanent damage to the brain.

Brain tissue, you see, cannot stand loss of oxygen for more than a few minutes. Without nourishment, it dies. Rescue, then, may come after the gas has injured vital brain centers.

In Chicago, a 25-year-old girl has been suffering from hallucinations of the most terrifying kind for five years. She tried gas after an unhappy love affair, but her mother came home sooner than she was expected. The girl is lucky, at that.

"Gas poisoning," a medical official of one of the nation's largest insurance companies says, "can leave an individual with permanently lowered mental acuity and alertness. It can wipe out in 15 minutes all of the learning and intelligence gained in four years of high school and four years of college, leaving him a dull, slow-witted human for the rest of his days."

Harry M. Warren heads an organization called the National Save-a-Life League, which has dissuaded thousands of persons from taking their own lives and whose workers visit the homes of persons who have tried and failed.

In Warren's files is the pathetic case of a young girl who, despondent because of a disfiguring case of pimples, took a bottle marked poison from the medicine chest and began gulping it down. It was a corrosive acid. (Ironically, her acne could have been helped had she visited a competent doctor or tried a reliable method of self-treatment.)

The girl survived. The acid burned her mouth so severely she promptly spat it out, forgetting all about suicide. But it scarred a large area around her lips. Now she is really disfigured, perhaps for life.

Sleeping pills come into the poison class. True, most persons who recover from an overdose of the barbiturates have no after-effects, but there's no guarantee. A man might wake up changed completely. This poison, too, like carbon monoxide, can produce anoxia—lack of oxygen nourishing the brain tissue—and leave a man a living vegetable, all functions greatly impaired.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN in a plunge from a high place, and death is not necessarily inevitable. You can break your spine and the jagged bone fragments can slash nerve tissue, destroying the communication lines between the brain and the limbs. Result: paralysis.

You can shatter an arm or leg, or both, in such a way that setting is impossible. Result: amputation.

You can injure your brain. Results: blindness, or recurrent severe headaches, or paralysis in varying degrees or inability to speak.

Dr. Warren tells of a young girl who hated her factory job and grew more and more discouraged because she didn't have pretty things. She jumped three stories from her

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apartment house window, landed in an areaway and broke both legs and her pelvis. She was in the hospital for a year and may never walk again.

Outside of the possible agonizing after-effects to himself, does a would-be suicide consider the other lives he can wreck?

A New York businessman swallowed an overdose of barbiturates and survived. He recovered completely, but the news got out. His daughter's fiancé heard and two days later broke the engagement. He wanted no part of a family where a suicide had been attempted. A foolish attitude, perhaps, but there is a social stigma attached to self-killing, or the attempt thereof.

Does a would-be suicide know that there is in almost every life insurance policy a two-year period following the signing during which the company doesn't pay off a dime if the policy holder exits by his own hand? That double-indemnity in case of accidental death does not include self-inflicted accidents? Or that most accident and sickness policies do not pay off on suicide?

Banks will check very, very carefully before they lend money as mortgages, business loans or for any other purpose to anyone who once tried suicide. Personnel managers are chary of hiring people who have an attempt in their history.

Yes, suicide is dangerous! Ask anyone in its legion of the damned.

True Gentleman

SACHA GUITRY, the French actor-playwright, cited his grandfather as a true gentleman. One day when Guitry was a boy, he was walking in the street with his grandfather when they passed a beggar with a placard around his neck reading: "I Am Blind."

The grandfather gave the boy a coin which he dropped into the beggar's cup, but reprimanded him afterwards because he had not raised his hat as he did so. Politeness is particularly important, the elder Guitry said, toward those less fortunate than ourselves.

"But what difference does it make in this case?" the boy asked. "The beggar is blind."

"He might be a fraud," replied his grandfather.

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